

"The Rock" is more than an old prison to tour guide Frank Heaney. See the story in Centerfold.

Confused faculty faces the election

By Robert Manetta

SF State journalism lecturer John Burks was confused. The faculty union election was coming and he couldn't find any difference between the candidates.

Now, a few weeks later, Burks knows who he'll vote for. But he has no idea how he came to that decision. To tell the truth, Burks finds such scant differences between the candidates that he wonders why the election is being held at all.

Burks might be more bewildered than most other faculty, but his basic predication is widely shared.

Elections to determine a bargaining agent for the California State University and College faculty are forcing more than a few instructors to vote with less than concrete reasons.

The elections, which will begin by mail Monday and continue through January 26, are considered to be the most important labor decision in higher

education history. Whichever union wins — either the Congress of Faculty Associations or the United Professors of California — will represent 20,000 instructors and thus control over 18 percent of all organized higher education faculty in the United States.

But for such an important election, it

News Analysis

seems odd that the electorate is having trouble deciphering the issues — especially since the electorate is composed of intelligent and informed college instructors.

What is the reason for the confusion?

Joseph Garbarino, an industrial relations professor at UC Berkeley and a faculty union expert, says the CSUC situation is nothing new. Competing unions usually agree on the important issues, he says.

"Elections of this sort usually are not

very dramatic," Garbarino says. "They're usually organizational battles more than anything else."

The CFA and UPC used to have striking differences, but election pressures have forced them to become similar.

Of course, the unions themselves would heatedly disagree with Garbarino.

Both the CFA and the UPC have waged fierce campaigns, spending between \$250,000 and \$300,000 each. That amount is topped only by the money spent by their national affiliates, which, by some estimates, is in the millions of dollars.

Since the CSUC system has the largest higher education faculty in America, the clout and finances the winning union will command is attracting a great deal of attention.

Over the past weeks instructors at SF State and the other 18 campuses have been exposed to speakers imported from as far as Louisiana and New York, have probably been contacted at least once by telephone by both unions and have seen

enough flyers to start their eyes flaming.

Both the CFA and the UPC have campaigned on two main issues: national affiliation and union structure.

The CFA points to the UPC's connection with the AFL-CIO, saying that such an association leads to conflicts and adds that a faculty union has no business associating with what it calls the "heavy handed" bargaining policies of an industrial union.

The CFA also says that while the UPC might be lobbying the legislature for higher taxes to support the CSUC system, the AFL-CIO would be doing just the opposite because of its blue collar interests.

The CFA also thinks it can better represent the specific needs of full and part-time faculty with the two separate bargaining councils it has set up for each.

The UPC bases its campaign on unity and strength. It doesn't see its associa-

See FACULTY, page 15.

San Francisco State

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San Francisco's Award-Winning Student Newspaper

Thursday, December 10, 1981

INSIDE

WHAT DO YOU GET WHEN you mix: one student, five ornery professors, brow-sweat deadlines and the punchy pressures of 1981 America? How about ... STRESS!!! See how you score. INSIGHT See page 3.

10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 ... ignition ... lift off. Is the race for space simply a scientific endeavor, or what? OPINION See page 5.

NOW IN ITS 41ST YEAR, the Ames Research Center in Mountain View continues to produce space-age wonders. Located almost smack-dab in our own back yard, the center is weird whirl of activity. One of our reporters dropped in recently to have a peek. CENTERFOLD

EXCUSE THEM WHILE THEY touch the sky. It's been ten years since Jimi Hendrix graced his guitar strings with his magic fingers. Some amongst us have not forgotten that magic. NEWS See page 10.

SEEING IS BELIEVING, OR escaping as the case may be. The video revolution is upon us. It has arrived faster than the speed of magnetic tape. Man your terminals! BACKWORDS See page 20.

Romberg defends image

By Robert Manetta

SF State President Paul Romberg, perceived by many as one of the most invisible men on campus, recently granted an interview to the Phoenix. During the half-hour session Romberg answered questions concerning growing budget cuts, his visibility and the way he views his job.

SF State's biggest problem, according to Romberg, is tight money. "I think we've come to a dividing point," said Romberg. "We've cut as much as we can cut. I think the budget is now at a point where the level of quality for our students is being seriously eroded."

He said cuts are possible in three areas: faculty, services the university usually provides, and scholastic pro-



Phoenix photo/Toru Kawana

Santa takes stress test

Rudolph, red noses and red eyes — we're cornered again! Burnt cookies to the left of us, one too many martinis to the right, here we are, stuck in the holidaze sauce with nothing but goodwill to pull us through to January. Anyway, we all know there ain't no sanity clause ... is there? See page 3.

Modern Magellan cycles globe

By Ann Senuta

grams.

Romberg said he is, and always has been, against tuition, but added that something must give to ease the current crunch.

"Until taxes or a form of tuition or a form of student service fees are increased, we're in trouble and I think the public should know about this," he said.

Questions about Romberg's visibility took up much of the interview. Throughout, Romberg maintained that his visibility has been "very good" and blamed the visibility issue on the campus press.

He spends less than 10 percent of his time away from campus, he said, although he pointed out that his visits to Sacramento in support of the campus press are frequent.

Asked if it bothered him that many SF

State students were probably unaware they even had a president, Romberg answered, "Not a bit." He emphasized that he is supposed to be "the leader in maintaining quality education."

He said he will see students "if they have something pertinent to discuss" and illustrated this by showing the day's agenda containing four student names.

"It's really the press — your press — that has made an issue of this," Romberg said. "I think my visibility on campus has been very good."

Asked about a 1974 Phoenix article that reported he would soon start an open-door policy, Romberg denied he had made such a promise and added:

"I said that at time, and still maintain it, that I'm not going to have a brown bag lunch, as one of my predecessors did, just to meet with students. Just to

stand out here on the corner and talk, that's impossible. I don't have that time nor would you."

During his first year at SF State, Romberg went to AS meetings and held a multimedia campus press conference.

Romberg said he hadn't continued this practice because the press conference was a "disaster" and a waste of time and money.

He also said that he invites the AS to make regular contact with him, but that the invitation often goes unanswered.

Romberg refused to comment on the firing of Dorothy Pijan because of possible litigation.

He also refused to comment on ex-provost Donald Garrity's recent statements attacking Romberg's competence. Romberg said he wouldn't want to "dignify" Garrity's comments.

No other parties have yet been implicated by the phone jammer, Wilsey said, and no connection has been made between the phone jammer and the United Professors of California, CFA's rival union.

"If we can make a connection between what's been going on and any labor organization we're in competition with, we could overturn this election," Wilsey noted.

Yesterday, CFA's lawyers were still in the process of notifying UPC, the Chancellor's Office, and the Public Employees Relations Board.

"We think it's deplorable," said Stewart Long, UPC president, who said he learned of the jamming yesterday.

UPC has had no related problems, he

said. "I would hope it's an isolated incident."

The Chancellor's Office received word of the incident through the Phoenix investigation, and no statement was available at that time.

Coping with the deficit

By Andrea Behr

SF State is one of six campuses in the California State University and Colleges system that is handling its state-mandated 2 percent budget cut by cutting class sections from its schedule for next semester.

A survey of the other 18 campuses in the CSUC system indicates that five of them — Chico, Northridge, San Benadino, Pomona, and San Diego State — will cut class sections. The others are finding the \$100,000 to \$500,000 they must return to the state by June 1.

Chico will cut about 10 full-time positions' worth of professors and also cut some class sections, although the number is still uncertain. Cal State Northridge will reduce its class offerings by about 100 sections, and San Jose and San Diego also will cut some sections. Cal State Los Angeles has not made its budget plan public yet.

Some campuses reported that students had responded to the cuts by holding rallies, presenting petitions to the university president or contributing to an anti-fee increase postcard campaign to the state Legislature.

Many campuses are depending on the chancellor's hiring freeze to make up for the funds that must be returned. Some part-time lecturers are affected by the freeze, because they are hired on one-semester or one-quarter contracts, which

See SURVEY, page 11.



Ted Simon is living in California while planning his next trip.



less than 48 hours, but to know it, smell it and feel it between your toes, you have to crawl. You have to stay on the ground and swallow the bugs as you go. Then the world is immense."

Simon, a soft-spoken and deeply tanned Englishman, stumbled into a journalism career in Paris, where he was living to avoid the draft. From that introduction, he worked at various French and English newspapers, including the Times, the Observer and the Daily Mail. When it came time for him to begin his wandering, the Sunday Times stepped in to sponsor his trip, and he in turn sent them articles about his experiences as he went along.

Simon set off from London in October of 1973, crossed to North Africa and traveled from the Arab nations down the east African coast to Cape Town. Afterwards he wrote,

"I have just ridden the motorcycle 12,245 miles from London, and absolutely nobody here, watching me, knows it. As I think about it I have a sudden and quite extraordinary flash, something I never had before and am never able to recapture again. I see the whole of Africa in one single vision, as though illuminated by lightning. And that's it. I've done it. I'm at peace."

His time in South America was marred by confused Brazilian police who hauled Simon into a makeshift jail for 12 days, thinking he was another Englishman involved in "subversive" activities. He found writing about that detention difficult. "Describing that was a great problem for me because I made an immense amount of it and nothing happened there," he said in a recent interview here in San Francisco. "And I'm terribly conscious of the fact that

any number of people have been through far worse and have suffered real physical violence. But it wouldn't have been any different if they'd stuck cigarette ends on my body. It wouldn't have changed the essential outrage."

Simon headed up the coast of Central America and into California, then crossed the Pacific to Australia and up through Malaysia, covered a zig-zag trail over India, and finally made a last haul through Afghanistan, Iran and Turkey to his home in France. His book completes this circle, for it is the story of his journey, yet Simon is not finished.

In the tradition of his wandering Romanian father, described by Simon as an "errant shit," and his mother, who frequently moved throughout England to support herself and her son, Simon is planning

See SIMON, page 11.

THIS WEEK

A CAMPUS CALENDAR

today, dec. 10

The Entomology Club's Medfly symposium will be held from 4 to 6:30 p.m. in SCI 101 and feature Jerry Scribner, director of the Medfly Program.

friday, dec. 11

The SF State student unit of the California Association for Health, Physical Education, Recreation, and Dance (CAHPERD) will sponsor a Modern Rhythmic Gymnastics workshop at noon in Gym 122. All students are invited to participate in the workshop conducted by Lena Leong, a national gymnastics judge and former gymnastics coach at SF State.

"Seesaw," a musical by Michael Bennett, will be performed two more times, today and tomorrow at 2 p.m., in McKenna Theatre. Tickets are \$4 and \$5 general admission and are available at the Creative Arts Box Office in the Creative Arts Building. Students and senior citizens receive a \$1 discount.

The Poetry Center will present writers Fernando Alegria and Victor Hernandez Cruz at 7:30 p.m. in Knuth Hall. Reception will follow in the Student Union and admission is free.

monday, dec. 14

A financial aid orientation will be presented at 2 p.m. in New Administration room 353. It will include a 30 minute slide presentation, "Your Responsibilities as a Financial Aid Recipient" with question and answer period following the slide show.

Monday night football will be shown over wide-screen video at the Union Depot from 6 to 9:30 p.m. Admission is free.

tuesday, dec. 15

Jesus Christ Superstar will be shown in the Union Depot from 5 to 7 p.m. Admission is free.

The Design and Industry 505 Exhibit will be today, Wednesday and Thursday in Student Union Conference rooms A, B, C, D and E.

wednesday, dec. 16

The weekly Re-Entry students brown bag lunch will be held from noon to 1 p.m. in Student Union room 119.

NEIGHBORHOODS

OF THE CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO

Conquering the last frontier

By Charles Lenatti

Jim Ross, 76, lives in a \$100-a-month room in San Francisco's South of Market neighborhood. He remembers when the area was "a regular Barbary Coast."

"Drunks and seamen were all over, laying in the gutter," he said. "The area smelled like a dung heap. It was an ugly area."

In recent years, the quality of life in the area has improved drastically, Ross said. Redevelopment on Third Street for the Yerba Buena Center has forced Skid Row types farther south to Sixth Street.

"Now, I can envision the future. I can see how nice it's going to look," he said.

But thousands of residents, like Ross, on limited or fixed incomes fear they will become the victims, not the beneficiaries of redevelopment as property values and rents soar, forcing them out of the area once known as "South of the (cablecar) Slot."

According to a recent report by the San Francisco Planning and Urban Research Association (SPUR), "Recent sales data indicate a doubling and tripling in value of buildings in three to five years. The prospect for continuation of an existing low-cost housing resource there is bleak. Soon, 'relatively inexpensive' will still be too expensive for most of the households currently in the area."

South of Market defines an area bounded by Market Street, the Embarcadero, China Basin and the Central Skyway. The San Francisco Redevelopment Agency calls it "the last frontier."

While Mayor Dianne Feinstein said that all of San Francisco will benefit from the "ripple effect" caused by the Yerba Buena Center, residents in the area may be overwhelmed by the gentrification which neighborhood leaders say is an inevitable consequence of the three-square-block center.

Gene Coleman, director of the Canon Kip Community House, an organization which supports the rights of residents, said 60 percent to 70 percent of the estimated 12,000 residents may be displaced.

Since the 1950s, when the area was first considered a possible site for redevelopment, the San Francisco Redevelopment Agency and developers have considered South of Market residents politically insignificant and have ignored their needs.

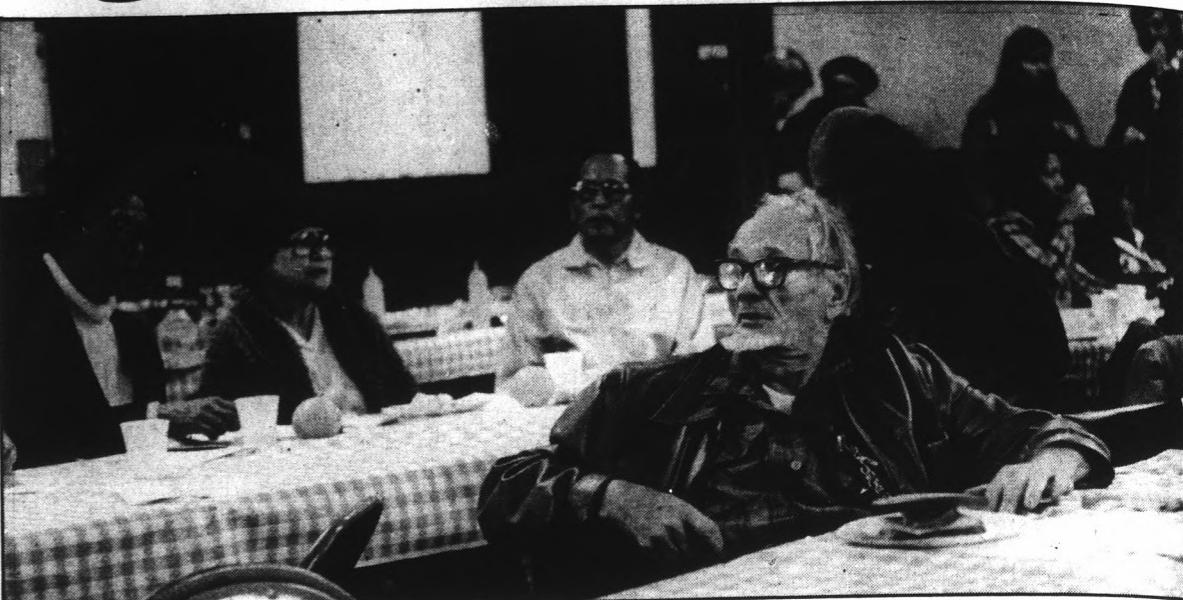
"In areas where they (developers) choose to do redevelopment, the people in the area are considered to be less powerful," said San Francisco Supervisor Nancy Walker.

Kathleen Connell, spokeswoman for the South of Market Alliance said, "People don't recognize that there is a population down here, for political reasons. It would be cumbersome to acknowledge that there is a large community here because that would mean that you would have to account for what is happening to them."

She said the attitude of people in government and developers has been that people in the area are so marginal that developers need not feel any responsibility for them when they are displaced.

The popular picture of tenants' rights groups has been that they are enemies of progress. "At the opening of the convention center," Connell said, "the only allusion to the neighborhood was to all the obstacles which community resistance has presented to the project."

The South of Market Alliance is the most recent manifestation of residents' rights groups in the area. The coalition of resident organizations is not opposed to redevelopment per se, but to "the wholesale selling of the city without input by the residents and without controls and guarantees for a bet-



Phoenix photo/Dominique Nicolas

South of Market residents listened last Saturday as Supervisor Nancy Walker called for a new environmental impact report on their neighborhood, where property values are skyrocketing.

ter quality of life," Connell said.

The alliance met with residents Saturday to introduce a petition. It calls for 300 units of low-income housing within the center. It also demands discounts for seniors from merchants in the center, handicapped access to the center and participation by residents in the policy and operation of security in and around the center.

At the meeting, Walker said that in January she will present the Board of Supervisors with a resolution calling for a new environmental impact report, one that will address the needs and problems of the area's residents.

Refusal to approve the report is one of the few weapons the supervisors can use against the city's Redevelopment Agency which, in many ways, has absolute control over the sale and use of public lands.

"It's going to be an economic boom," Walker said. "We just want to make sure it doesn't overrun these people."

When most San Francisco residents think of the area South of Market, they think of drunks sleeping their lives away in doorways, green bottles of Night Train wine peeking out from brown paper bags and exiles from mental institutions wearing pajamas and football helmets, walking in circles muttering nonsense.

Historically, the area has harbored a large number of single males since the 1860s. They were seamen between voyages, migratory seasonal laborers or transient workers.

During the Depression, the area acquired a reputation as a place for the "drinking of despair and misery."

The image of the area as a haven for alcoholics, derelicts and misfits has persisted like a bad hangover, promulgated, Coleman said, by developers who downgraded valuable property so they could buy it more cheaply.

In fact, although the Port Wind Athletic Club is highly visible along busy streets, particularly Sixth between Market and Harrison, the incidence of alcoholism is no greater in the South of Market than in middle-class neighborhoods, according to a recent survey.

Ross said the area has long been a mecca for the elderly, many of whom have no surviving relatives or friends.

Ross did not work long enough to collect social security and has been living on his savings. He said he was told he had to wait at least a year for a vacancy in Silver Crest, one of the low-cost housing projects. Before then, he said, the inevitable increase in his rent will force him to leave the area.

"With nothing coming in, the well is going to go dry," he said.

Street, which provides them with daily meals in a comfortable social environment, are, "a shot in the arm for seniors." An active social life can add years to seniors' lives, he said.

social life can add years to seniors' lives, he said.

"They have to come here. Otherwise they die," he said.

"What good is old age if you haven't got the comforts of life?"

Need Christmas Cash?

The FRANCISCAN SHOPS is reserving \$50,000 for S.F.S.U. Students who are going to take advantage of "Buybacks" and sell their used books.

50% of the New Price

ON TEXTS BEING USED DURING SPRING SEMESTER

UP TO 30% ON PAPERBACKS

→ \$\$\$CASH FOR BOOKS!!\$\$\$ ←

FINALS WEEK and DAILY

Franciscan Shops

P.S.: Good Luck On Your Finals



High anxiety

Don't mess with stress

By Danny Jong

AT THIS POINT OF THE SEMESTER, 24,467 variations of the same story depict the condition of the student: frazzled, fatigued and soon to be overwhelmed.

Term projects are due.

And the best part of the tale comes when each student proclaims with an aura of pride, "I've got four finals in two days!"

The title of this story is "My Education." The plot involves a quest for a 4.00 Grade Point Average. The hero is the student. And the antagonist is that old student nemesis: stress.

Stress. Just pronouncing the word indicates how some students respond to the pressures of academia. The corners of the mouth become as tight as a forced smile when meeting a cheek-pinchning New Jersey relative you're not crazy about.

College stress afflicts all students. It knows neither race nor creed, male nor female, bright nor fog-headed. Stress is also unavoidable — well, with one exception. Death can get you out of

reacting to stressors — is a mild and slow form of suicide."

■ Some Myths About Stress ■

Because the study of stress is relatively new, past attempts to cope with stress have given rise to misconceptions. Medical research has been able to throw some light on some untrue statements about stress.

Myth #1: All stress is bad stress.

Stress is a misunderstood word. The popular definition of stress is negative but not all stress is bad stress. Stress comes in positive forms too.

It can be the mental motivation to get going on a school project you've been putting off, or the tension needed in the muscles before you set your skis to attack those bunny slopes.

According to a study conducted by the University of Washington, marriage, usually a happy event, was given a stress scale value of 50 while the death of a spouse, the highest rated stressor, was given a value of 100.

The Social Readjustment Rating Scale, developed by Thomas Holmes and Richard Rahe in 1967 and still used today, gave vacation and Christmas values of '13 and '12 respectively. Marital separation rated at 65 while minor violations of the law received an 11 on the scale.

Myth #2: Stress affects only adults.

Stress affects everyone, even toddlers. Wrote Greenberg and Valetti, "Young children who are upset because they have fought with a friend or have lost a favorite toy are as stressed as adults who have had an argument with an employer or who have had some valuable item stolen. The stress experienced by children is real."

Myth #3: The highest degree of stress is most common in professions that require an individual to work long hours, to maintain a high degree of responsibility and to cope with maximum pressure on a routine basis.

Although stress has been linked to coronary disease, doctors have yet to prove any correlation exists between achievement and the incidence of job-related heart disease.

In fact, a study conducted by the University of Michigan's Institute for Social Research found that bored assembly line workers tend to experience greater stress on the job than successful executives who work long hours and assume major responsibilities.

■ Causes Of Stress ■

Researchers agree that everything

causes stress. They also say each person responds differently even to the same stressor; that no two people react exactly alike.

College stress is felt by all students. Yet, they too respond individually. What is it that causes student stress?

According to a handout sheet by Dr. Arnie Shapiro of the Student Health Center, 12 sources of stress influence the way we live. His list describes a general category of stressors and the components:

- intrapersonal conflicts — problems within one's self, including personality factors, goals, values, priorities, needs, decision-making and boredom;

- interpersonal relationships — problems relating to others, peers and friends, sex role and cultural difficulties and loneliness;

- family — difficulties with spouse, parents, siblings, children and relatives;

- finances — worrying over money;

- environmental insults — noise, air, water and food pollution, overcrowding, crime and media overstimulation;

- health patterns — illness, injury, nutritional imbalance and toxic substances;

- changes — switches in jobs, residence, spouse, responsibilities or death of a loved one.

■ Effects Of Stress ■

Researchers now know that a correlation exists between stress and illness. New studies conducted continually bear this out.

Two researchers, K. Woolfolk and F. Richardson, writing in "Stress, Sanity and Survival," stated, "Even if one is very conservative in evaluating the evidence, the list of physical maladies in which stress probably plays a role is quite long. Migraine headaches, backaches, asthma, acute dermatitis, menstrual pain, colitis, diabetes, arthritis, and even cancer have been linked to stress."

Dr. Hans Selye, an eminent authority in stress research, describes some telling symptoms of stress in his book, "The Stress of Life." Selye's list includes general irritability, fatigue, ambiguous anxiety, stuttering and teeth grinding. Insomnia sets in when under stress. Nightmares will get to you if the insomnia didn't, Selye said.

Selye also addressed a physical malady often associated with stress: ulcers.

The most common disorder of the digestive system, the peptic ulcer, occurs when the digestive juices burn a hole in the lining of the stomach. These

digestive juices are secreted whenever a person eats, but they are also produced when a person becomes highly emotional. Anger will usually do the trick.

Although stress may produce ulcers, a more dangerous and fatal disease could develop. Coronary disease, a leading killer of Americans every year, has recently been linked to stress.

Most heart attacks are attributed to arteriosclerosis, caused by fatty substances which accumulate on the walls of the blood vessel. If enough of these fats collect on the walls, the vessel will cut off blood circulation in the body, causing death.

Researchers Woolfolk and Richardson established in 1978 a link between stress and two of the fatty substances in the blood: cholesterol and triglycerides.

Their triglyceride study involved testing the blood levels of race car drivers before and after a race. They found that several hours after the race concluded, the triglyceride levels were twice the normal level. The increase was attributed to the sudden stress the drivers were exposed to.

In their test for cholesterol, the researchers sampled tax accountants. They noted that as the April 15 tax deadline approached, the cholesterol level continually rose and did not decrease until two months later.

If stress takes its toll physically, it can do the same mentally. J. Tressider, writing in "Feeling Younger, Live Longer," said a general sense of boredom, recurring feelings of hopelessness, irrational fear of disease and feelings of suppressed anger are signs of mental distress. He added that the inability to laugh openly and the feeling of rejection by family members are also signs of distress.

■ Attempts To Cope ■

For the bleary-eyed student forfeiting rest to study, coffee appears to be a tempting resource for a zap of energy.

But if Mrs. Olsen wanted to study through the night, would she fill it to the rim?

"Coffee will stimulate you a bit," said Jim Perkins, health educator at the Student Health Center. "It does work, but you have to look at the negative aspects. If you drink enough of it, you could be walking across the ceiling."

The negative aspect of coffee is caffeine. Most authorities agree that 200 milligrams — about two cups of coffee — is the amount that begins to cause a wide range of effects on the body.

The degree of effect from caffeine will vary depending upon each individual, but a dosage of one gram of caffeine — about 7 to 10 cups — can produce insomnia, restlessness and excitement. These may lead to mild delirium, sensory disturbances such as ringing in the ears or seeing flashing lights, tense muscles, convulsions and even hallucinations, according to a pamphlet put out by the Student Wellness Resource Center at the Southern Illinois University.

Moderation, then, is the key. But Peggy Smith, a psychologist at the Counseling Center, advises her student/patients to go for less.

"If you're feeling stressed, and drink coffee, my advice is to experiment. When you experiment, try to drink less and less to see if you feel better," Smith said. She added that one need not use caffeine at all.

Dr. Shapiro offers other ways to deal with stress. In a handout, Shapiro said relaxation and communication skills are important. Physical fitness, nutritional balance, work satisfaction, hobbies, adequate rest, self-esteem, and time-management skills are as vital as relaxation for stressed students.

One coping technique increasingly being used is biofeedback.

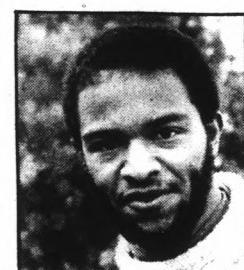
"Biofeedback is the use of electronic instruments to monitor and to feed back to you what happens to your own physiology," said Erik Peper, an instructor at the Center for Interdisciplinary Science. "It can show that you are reacting. Sometimes you are reacting below your awareness."

Biofeedback involves hooking up a

How do you handle stress?

Shaffi Taki, 20, business major

I cope with stress by procrastinating, by doing everything at the last minute. I wait until I've got enough stress built up and then I go do a paper. Otherwise, it's hard for me to concentrate. I do experience some manifestations of stress; not being able to get to sleep, loss of appetite, anxiety. I'm not sure that I cope with it, but it goes away after the semester ends.



Laura Vishoot, 25, English major
I procrastinate. I try to put everything off until the last possible minute. Then I go out the night before something is due. I go dancing. I usually drink a lot. I'm not kidding, this is really true. I take drugs. Then I do my assignments all night. That means I only have to deal with the stress for the shortest possible amount of time. I feel terrible afterwards; I have temper tantrums and my roommate probably hates my guts.



Richard Ivanoff, 25, health science/biology major
I use various forms of stress reduction because I think stress is a mind-body combination. I use various exercises, some autogenic training, and a little bit of imagery visualization — imaging myself being somewhere else relaxing.



Lori Johnson, 21, social work major
I talk about it. I go home and I complain, "Oh, classes are hard" and everything. Then I get encouragement from my mother because she just graduated last semester. She says, "Just do your work and it'll all be over." It's kind of hard. I think about quitting every Monday. But when I really think about it, I just have a little bit more to go.



Caroline Ling, 21, psychology major

First of all, I ask myself where the stress comes from. If it's from school work, like a paper, test or something, I try to finish it. I also talk to my friends and let the feelings out and go shopping, just to relax and forget about school work. And I constantly ask myself, "What's the value of coming to school? Is it mainly for the degree? The grade point average? Or something else?" I remind myself that something more important is in front of me. Then I relax a little bit.



Reba Ritchey, "over 50," elementary education major
Sometimes I flip my lid. Sometimes I swear a little bit. Sometimes I say, "To hell with it. I'm going to spend a half an hour on this and write this paper and if he doesn't like it, I don't care." Is that terrible? Should I say, "Oh, this is too bad. I just can't do it. The professor is all wrong, he's to blame and he shouldn't be so hard on me?" I've never taken that approach. I've just stuck in there and pitched and dug.

person to a monitor with electrodes. In this way, the activity of certain parts of the body can be measured, even though one may not feel that part responding. By understanding how certain body parts respond, the person is aware of what is happening and can control his response through relaxation methods.

■ Help Available ■

At 12:30 p.m. today, a workshop entitled "Surviving Finals" will be conducted at the Student Union Conference rooms A-E. The event is co-sponsored by Peer Counseling, the Student Health Network and the Student Health Center.

Topics will include managing time, increasing efficiency, coping with stress and nurturing oneself. The workshop will include such guest speakers as Dr. Shapiro, Jim Perkins and Jackie Reza from Advising and Counseling Services.

If you can't make it to the workshop,

Dr. Shapiro conducts a relaxation clinic to teach students methods for calming down. The clinic is held at the Student Health Center every Thursday at noon. Appointments are necessary and students should call 469-1251 or go to the center to make an appointment.

If you're interested in biofeedback, you can try out the biofeedback internship lab. The Center for Interdisciplinary Science will test you to see how your body responds to a variety of verbal stimuli. Call the department at 469-1210 for more information.

For personal counseling, the Counseling Center and Peer Counseling are available to students. Appointments are necessary at the Counseling Center in the Old Administration Building, Room 216, 469-1230. Students may call Peer Counseling at 469-1230 or drop by the Student Union office, M-113, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Death, divorce, drugs? Test your life's tension

Identifying your stressors could be a confusing exercise in introspection, but two psychiatrists have made it easier.

Thomas Holmes and Richard Rahe developed the Social Readjustment Rating Scale in 1967. In their study of more than 5,000 people, the researchers found that although stress affects each individual uniquely, the relative importance of each stressor is surprisingly uniform.

The list below is a variation of the Holmes and Rahe scale, based on a University of Kentucky survey of a group of freshmen. Check off those events which have happened to you in the past year and then add the points.

The score indicates degree of life change as follows:

Under 600	Low
600-1,000	Medium
1,000 or more	High

A high score doesn't mean you will get sick, but it does mean a substantial percentage of people in that category will. By recognizing your chances of illness, you can stay healthy by taking

special precautions.

■ EVENT SCALE OF IMPACT ■

Death of spouse	100
Divorce (yours or parents)	73
Pregnancy (or causing pregnancy)	68
Marital separation	65
Jail term	63
Death of a close family member	63
Broken engagement	60
Engagement	55
Personal injury or illness	53
Marriage	50
Entering college	50
Vary degree of responsibility	50
Conflict or change in values	50
Drug use	49
Fired at work	47
Change in alcohol use	47
Reconciliation with mate	45
Trouble with school administration	45
Change in health of family member	44
Working while attending school	42
Changing course of study	40
Sexual difficulties	39
Changing daily habits	39
Gaining new family member	39
Business readjustments	39

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Campus freeze

Eighteen hundred signatures were gathered from students and faculty favoring a nuclear weapons freeze. Several campus organizations promoted the initiative and sponsored awareness films on campus for three days last week.

CLASSIFIEDS

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Work study student needed to assist in planning a conference on wetland restoration. Must have good typing skills and can work in December and January. Contact M. Josselyn. 469-1853.

Wanted! Drummer (Tahitian experience preferred) for dance group. Call Iris, (415) 368-7825.

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Leaving country, must sell hiking boots, 7½ boy's, 8½ girl. Skis: 185 cm, dishes, drapes, tools, cushions, utensils, much more, 386-1932.

WANTED

Wanted: 2 tickets to Neil Diamond—any show—call Joyce, 861-7512.

COSTA RICA—I'd like info from anyone who's lived there recently. Call David, 821-9092.

FOUND

November 30 near campus, a woman's umbrella. Please describe. Call 469-2406 and ask for Tamera or leave message.

PERSONAL

Attention: to those two girls who took care of my 2½ month cocker Spaniel, 3 wks ago, 7:30 am Monday, SFSU info desk. Tina was witness. Please return him to Eileen. Call 776-4155 immediately. Needs vaccinations.

To all my crazy PHOENIX friends, some who did and some who didn't let me live up to my name: to my chef and his girl who make one hell of a Benedict egg; to Metro's great advice for the lover; to my secret passenger in the dark to the depths of Clay and Polk; to the cult; to beautiful, vivacious J.J.; to the guy with no conscience; and to my dining partner who carried my drunken self back to the newsroom from Martha's. If you all don't keep in touch, the cult will get you. Love, Sis.

To all the PHOENIX staffers who didn't mark up the ads, especially Sisla—lots of love from J.J. & R.D.

Okaga, you're Ichiban. Much thanks for you and your Datsun. Next year, no more ground blessings. OK? Love, PB Bear.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Students for a United Ireland meet every Wed. & Thurs. at noon. B118 and B119, Student Union.

Casselberry-Dupree and Luisah Teish music & poetry, FREE, Monday Dec. 14th, 12:30 pm. Barbary Coast, sponsored by AS Women's Center, Info: 469-2406.

Movie Russian Club presents "Brothers Karamazov" English subtitles, HLL Rm. 154, 6:30-9:00. Free, all students come Dec. 11th, Friday.

Embajaz '81, Fall Student Dance Concert Thurs., Fri., Sat., Dec. 10, 11, 12, 8 pm, Gym 106, Free!

Students form coalition to protest tuition hike

By Maureen McGee

Speeches protesting projected fee increases and faculty cutbacks, reminiscent of the 1968 student strike, were heard by a crowd of about 100 students in front of the Student Union Monday at noon.

"Basically this rally is to get the word out and let the students know they have a voice," said a woman who tied black strips around anyone's available arm.

"We can't afford to sit back and do nothing," said one of the first speakers, Associated Students President Yvette Terrel.

Black arm bands, a few protest signs, a horn, a whistle and a few loud voices punctuated the speeches advocating student solidarity and "education as a right not a privilege."

The Student Alliance for Education Rights (SAER), a coalition formed two weeks ago to fight fee increases and proposed educational cutbacks, organized the rally over the weekend when word got out that college campuses would rally statewide.

Low-income and minority students will suffer the most, the shuffling crowd was told.

"There's a long haul ahead" and "this is only the first step" were some of the sentiments voiced.

Sheets of paper, two feet wide, were placed on the ground behind the speakers' stage to collect support signatures from rally listeners and passersby.

Postcards, part of a statewide campaign voicing objections to Gov. Jerry Brown and Chancellor Glenn S. Dumke, were available with a petition demanding that there be no tuition increases, that money be obtained for education by other means (taxes, reforms, defense funding, etc.) and that there be no cuts in class sections, faculty or staff.

"Recess is over," said Derick Gilliam, representing the United People of Color for National Liberation.

Gilliam asked the crowd to "spread the word because this is our campus." He said, "We need less juggling and more rallies."

Dominique Diprima read two poems, similar in style to Blondie's hit "Rhapsody," between speeches with the crowd clapping the beat.

"We can't be apathetic. They'll keep stepping on us if we don't say something," Diprima said, campus police quietly looking on in the background.

Ty Bady, a student in the crowd, said, "This (rally) is a very good thing. It's getting various groups to act together."

Bady, who pays out-of-state tuition fees, said he won't be here next semester because he can't afford it and his financial aid was cut.

"It's terrible now," he said. "I have to work and save before returning to finish my master's."

Mina Caulfield, a part-time anthropology professor for nine years, spoke as a representative of the University Professors Union of California.

Caulfield said the part-time lecturers on campus don't know if they have a job from one semester to the next. They will be the first to be laid off.

She said the Over Sixty program, in which senior citizens receive a fee waiver, will now require senior citizens to pay student fees.

"I was part of the 1968 student strike," Caulfield said, "where we won demands, and now we have one of the finest ethnic studies programs in the state. Let's not lose it."

SAER and various organizations will continue to meet next semester to discuss student fees and faculty cutbacks, said Armando Donys, SAER representative.

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Centerfold

Blasting off for tomorrow, today

By Charlotte Clark

Giant metal tubes that look like discarded spacesuit arms join one concrete block building to another. Later I find out that they are wind tunnels.

If any place could survive World War III's Big Blast, Ames Research Center in Mountain View is it.

I pull out my grandfather's gold pocket watch to see if it is close to the 8 a.m. starting time for the press conference — the first with astronauts Dick Truly and Joe Engle since the Columbia space shuttle glided to a stop at 1:23:10 Pacific Standard Time, Nov. 14 on an Edwards Air Force Base runway.

Also conscious of the time, other reporters waiting for the conference check the small silver boxes strapped to their wrists.

Their timepieces look complex enough to determine the orbital velocity of a Landsat satellite, or automatically balance their checkbooks.

Welcome to Silicon Valley, where the microcomputers made from slivers of silicon crystal have replaced the 30-ton computers invented when I was a child.

My mind flashes to the "Techno/Peasant Survival Manual," and I realize that I fit the definition: tech'no-pe'a'sant, n. Anyone who's technologically illiterate; a person whose future is in the hands of the technocrats.

I have entered a world where tomorrow's technology is today's reality. Posters of the Columbia space shuttle taking off decorate office walls. The catch phrase, "Going to Work in Space," blasting up the left edge of posters reminds me that for Ames' employees, a ticket to outer space is not just something obtained by Sean Connery in his space adventure, "Outland."

Ames Research Center is one finger on the long arm of the National Aeronautic and Space Administration, the government

agency responsible for thrusting satellites that look like snare drums or other oddities into space.

Founded in 1940 as part of the push to win World War II, the center has easily made the transition into the space age. The wind tunnels, which have tested virtually every commercially-used aircraft built in the United States, ran for 30,000 hours during tests of the Columbia. Among the tunnels at work, the 40 foot by 80 foot closed-loop wind tunnel is the world's largest.

The giant, soon to be enlarged, wind tunnel is one of 18 at Ames that can move air from a pedestrian 400 miles per hour to test propeller-driven-airplanes, to a hair-raising 10,000 miles per hour for supersonic jet tests.

The twin color-TV monitors staring at us like unblinking eyes light up. On the screen, astronauts Truly and Engle dip and dive like porpoises in the mid-deck area of the Columbia to demonstrate the joys of zero-gravity.

Columbia is a mongrel vehicle. It takes off like a rocket, maneuvers in the Earth's orbit like a spacecraft and lands like an airplane.

"This is the part that sure beats working for a living," narrates a floating astronaut. "We thought we'd show you how much fun it was at zero-gravity."

Getting your feet on the ground when you're weightless is not easy and one responsibility of Ames Biomedical Research Division is to test the effects of weightlessness on humans. Scientists are preparing for the not-too-distant day when spaceflight will be open to mere mortals.

Middle-aged women, older spacefarers, and those with minor medical problems have been tested for their reactions to spaceflight. This is all part of NASA's plan to make spaceflight available to the broadest possible segment of the scientific community.



Phoenix photo/Charlotte Clark

These sixth-graders touring Ames for the first time are making the transition from techno/peasant to technocrat.

Readjusting to gravity is no easy task either. Engle tried to float a towel to Truly during their first post-flight shower, realized he was back on earth and tossed it instead. It fell several feet short of its mark.

"When we landed I felt perfectly normal," joked Truly, "except for the 350 pound person sitting on my shoulders."

As I watch the two astronauts clown in space chasing floating pens and flight logs, I realize that trips to the outer limits won't

be taken for laughs. Space will become the new base for big business.

I remember sitting in a darkened theatre watching Sean Connery in "Outland" stalk the bad guys through outer space mining camp. At the time it was an exciting fantasy. Today I realize that it is almost a reality.

The "Techno/Peasant Survival Manual" informs me that Gruman Aerospace has developed equipment to build aluminum girders in space. It is only a short step to sky-scraping factories.

Zero-gravity lends itself to manufacturing breakthroughs not capable on earth. Gravity does have its pull; it tends to distort shapes.

Space will be the home of the perfect lens, the perfect ball bearing and structurally perfect single silicon crystals, vital to the manufacture of computer chips.

Ames scientist Dr. John Tremor is manager of a project to send the first tree into outer space. This is planned for the third space shuttle flight in mid-March.

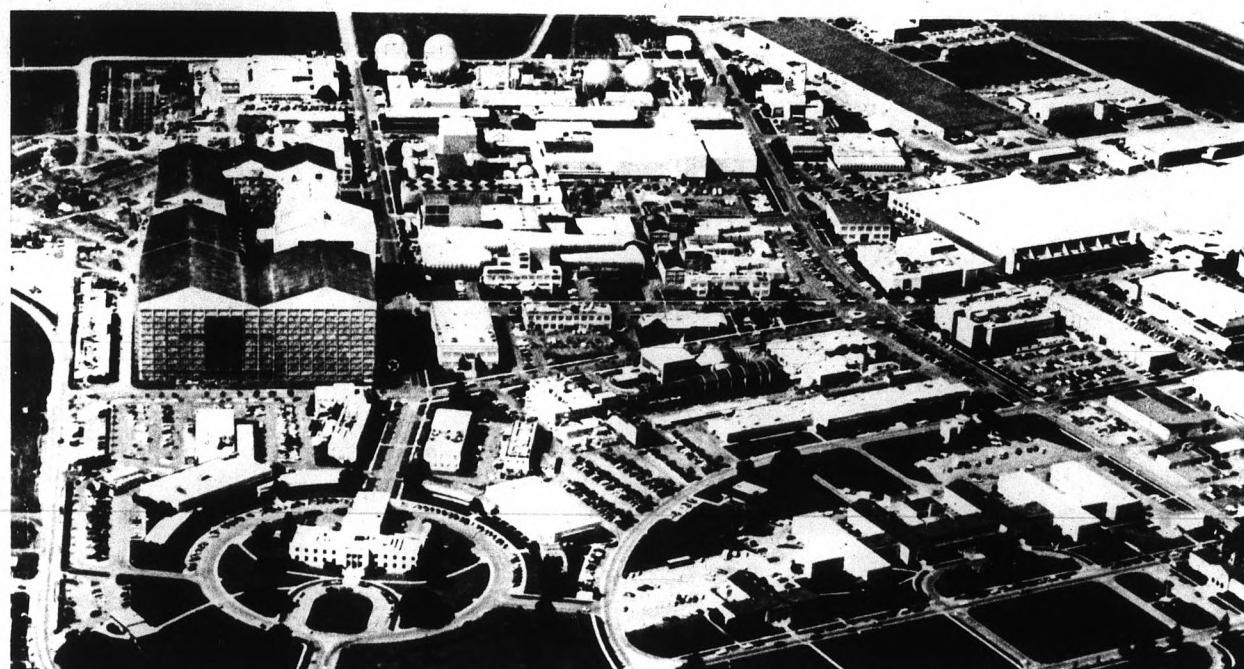
Pine seedlings along with oat and bean seeds will provide the information on zero-gravity plant growth needed for space colonizers.

During the shuttle's eight-day Earth orbit, the plants will bask 14 hours a day under sunlamps.

"When the shuttle lands," said Tremor, "the sprouts will be taken out for examination immediately — possible even before the astronauts are out."

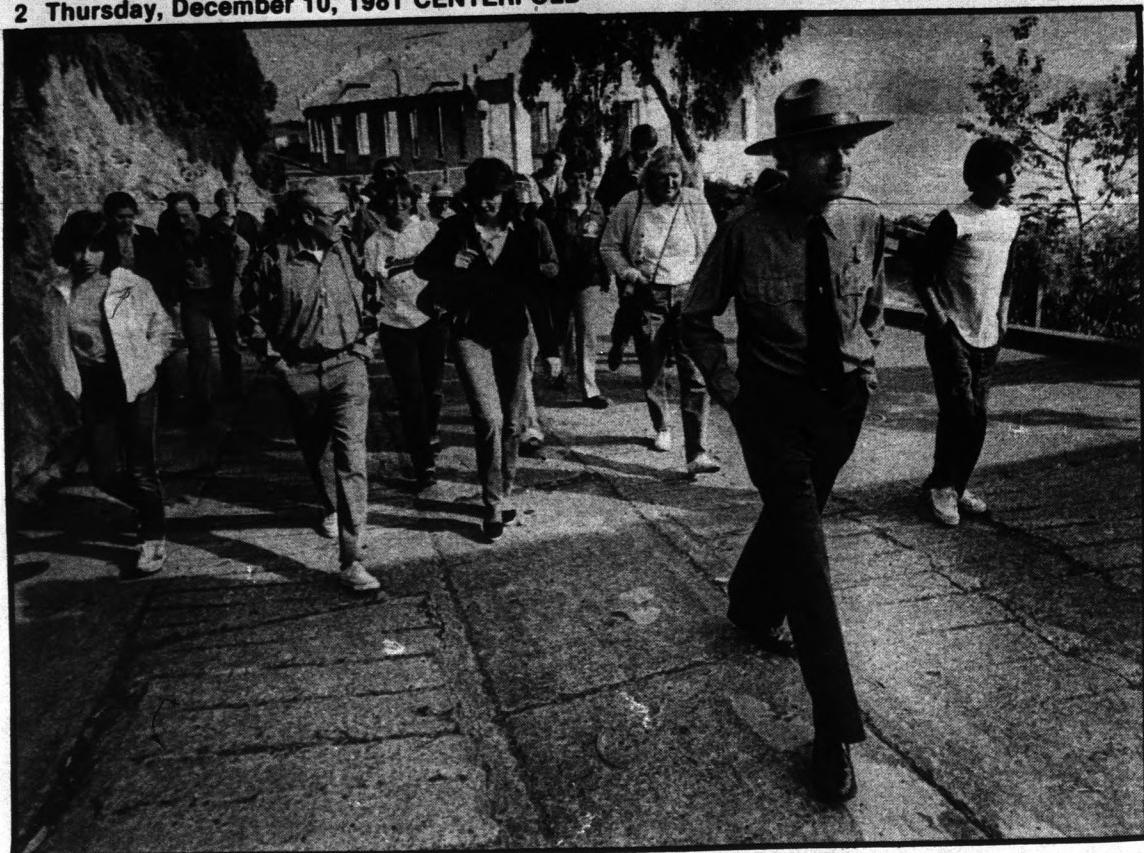
Tremor is a man with his priorities straight. Even space colonizers have to worry about where the next meal will come from and how it will grow in zero-gravity.

A slide flashes on the TV screen. It looks like a snowflake under a microscope. Another one flashes that looks like a tattoo on an orange.



Ames Research Center has risen out of the rubble of an Ohlone Indian Village. The world's largest wind tunnel, the Flight Simulator for Advanced Aircraft, and weightlessness studies by life science researchers have helped lift man into space.

Continued on page 4.



Photos by
Tom Levy



Top left: Frank Keaney leads a group up the hill from the tour's starting point. The tour takes about an hour and a half and visitors are shown Alcatraz facilities like, at right, the main cell blocks. Above left: Keaney illustrates a point in the cavernous shower room.



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From guard to guide at Alcatraz

In 1948, Frank Heaney stepped into a double-breasted wool uniform of sober gray — except for the maroon necktie — and moved to Alcatraz where, at 21, he began two years of keeping watch over the nation's most hardened convicts. Last August, Heaney returned to "The Rock" — this time in the beige and green uniform of the National Park Service.

"When I first got here, I thought, 'What the hell am I getting myself into?'" Heaney recalls. "I stopped being naive. But I felt I'd gotten myself into it, and I had to stick it out. I didn't want to go back and say I couldn't take it. Saving face was more important, I guess, than my unhappiness with the job."

Thus Heaney began his new career. Paying \$10 a month for a bed and bureau in the bachelors' quarters, he lived on

the island five days a week and spent weekends in Berkeley.

Local National Park Service officials asked Heaney to guide tours at Alcatraz when he retired. Ironically, the "powers that be" in the upper-level bureaucracy rejected his application at first, he says, because "I didn't have enough background to be an interpreter."

But supervisor Bob Kirby pressed the issue, and last August Heaney returned to the rock for the first time in 30 years.

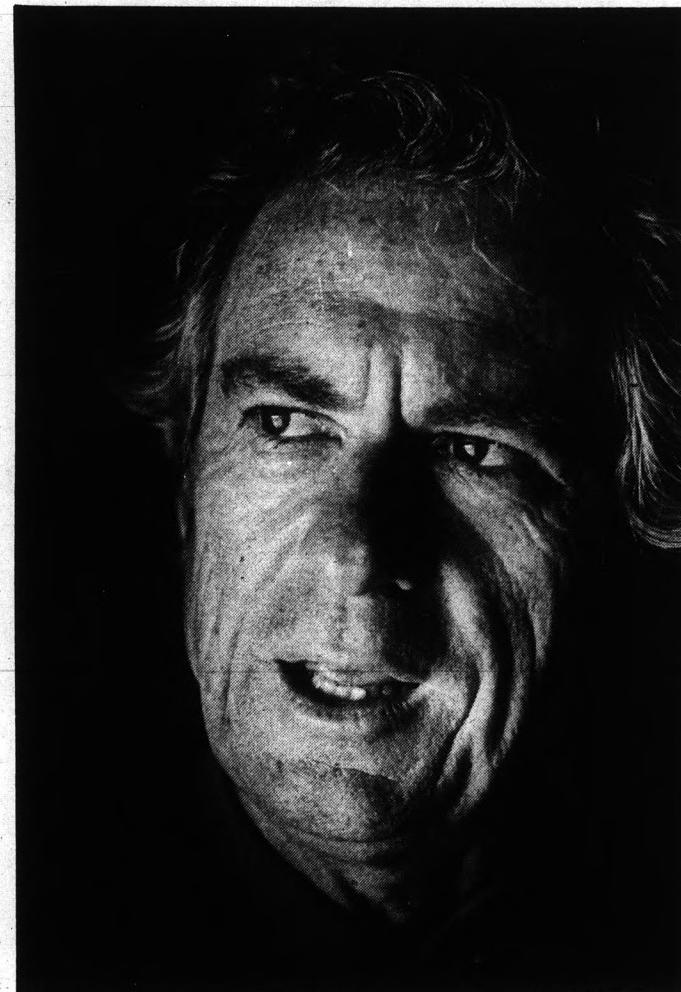
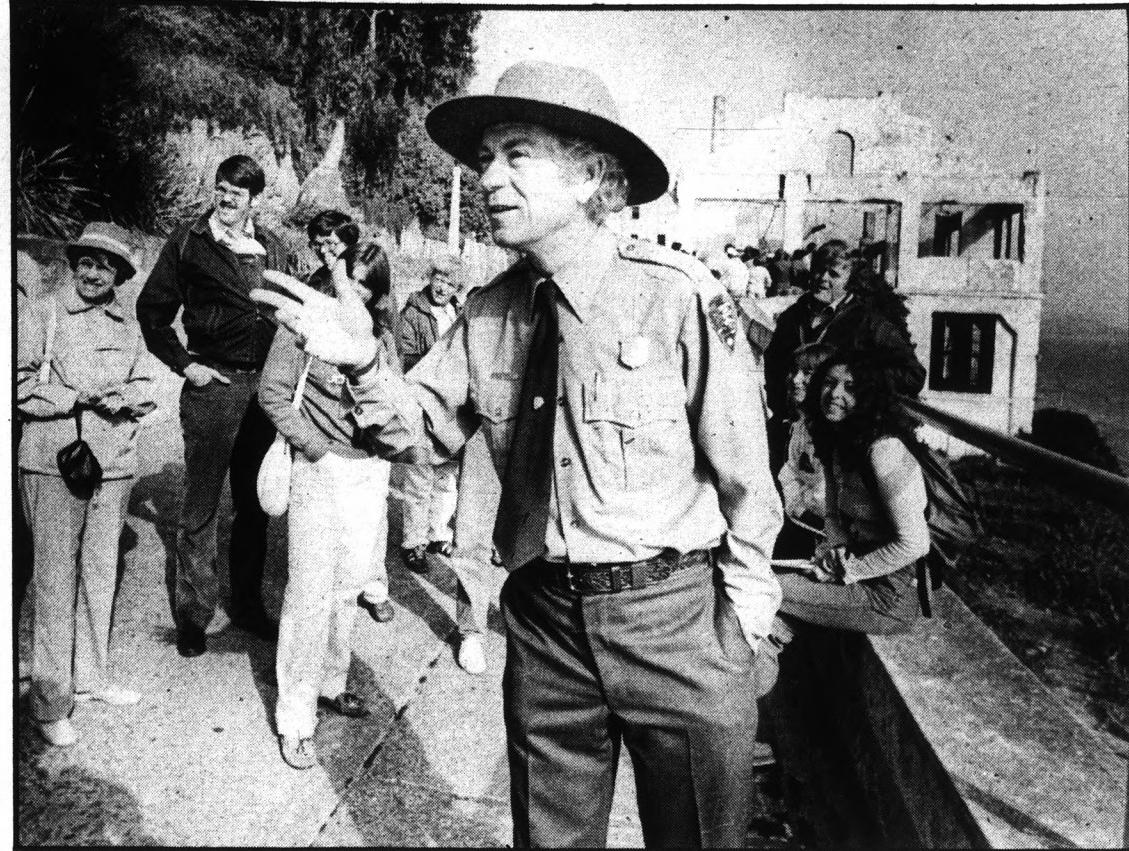
"I had two things to overcome," he says. "The bad things that happened, the emotions, all started coming back to me and I started feeling like I had when I worked here. And I wasn't used to talking to large groups of people — there were two tours the first couple of weeks that I was ready to just walk away from. But now it's just fine."

I enjoy it."

Heaney isn't sure how long he'll stay at Alcatraz this time. He's thought of a number of things he'd like to do with his retirement. He's a seasonal worker rather than a permanent employee, and he returns each night to Lafayette, where he lives with his wife and daughter.

During the winter months Heaney takes a break from tours. But when the spring season begins, some fortunate visitors get a unique tour of the infamous prison and an inside view available nowhere else. Heaney too has gotten a special perspective on his old workplace.

"I've learned more about the history of the island as a ranger than I ever knew as a guard," he says. "Then we learned only about containment — there was just no concern with anything else."



Left-center: A stop not on the regular tour — Keaney stands in the doorway of the former prison laundry, where, as a guard he oversaw such inmates as "Machine Gun" Kelly. "When I first came back (as a park ranger), it brought a lot back. You keep so much in your head that you don't know is still there."



Phoenix photos/Charlotte Clark

This hangar houses hybrids like the Quiet Short-Haul Research Aircraft.

Astronauts Truly and Engle explain the slides, taken from space, are of the Himalayas and of irrigated fields, one-half mile across, in eastern Libya deserts.

"The space program was designed to take advantage of all opportunities to observe phenomena," said research scientist Don Wilson, a 20-year Ames veteran. "We've launched planetary probes. It makes sense to take advantage of the space platform to look toward earth."

Ames works with the California Department of Water Resources to inventory and map irrigated cropland.

NASA's two Landsat satellites, orbiting the earth 14 times a day at 570 miles, can survey any spot on earth every 18 days. The Department of Water Resources can only map one-seventh of the state each year using time-consuming land-use surveys, aerial photographs and ground-collected data.

"By knowing what crops are being grown and where, you can understand the need for increased water production," said Wilson.

Ames' Earth Resources Survey Aircraft (U-2), flying at 65,000 feet, provides firefighters with infrared images of smoke-obscured forests. The data is sent directly to a small antenna at Ames, processed, transferred to terrain maps and telecopied to the fire camp in less than 10 minutes.

The images give the firefighters a picture of the size, shape and direction of the blaze.

On this trip, Columbia was used for the first time to carry a scientific payload. Flying upside-down to expose the payload bay to Earth, Columbia collected data on environmental quality, ocean conditions and meteorological phenomena.

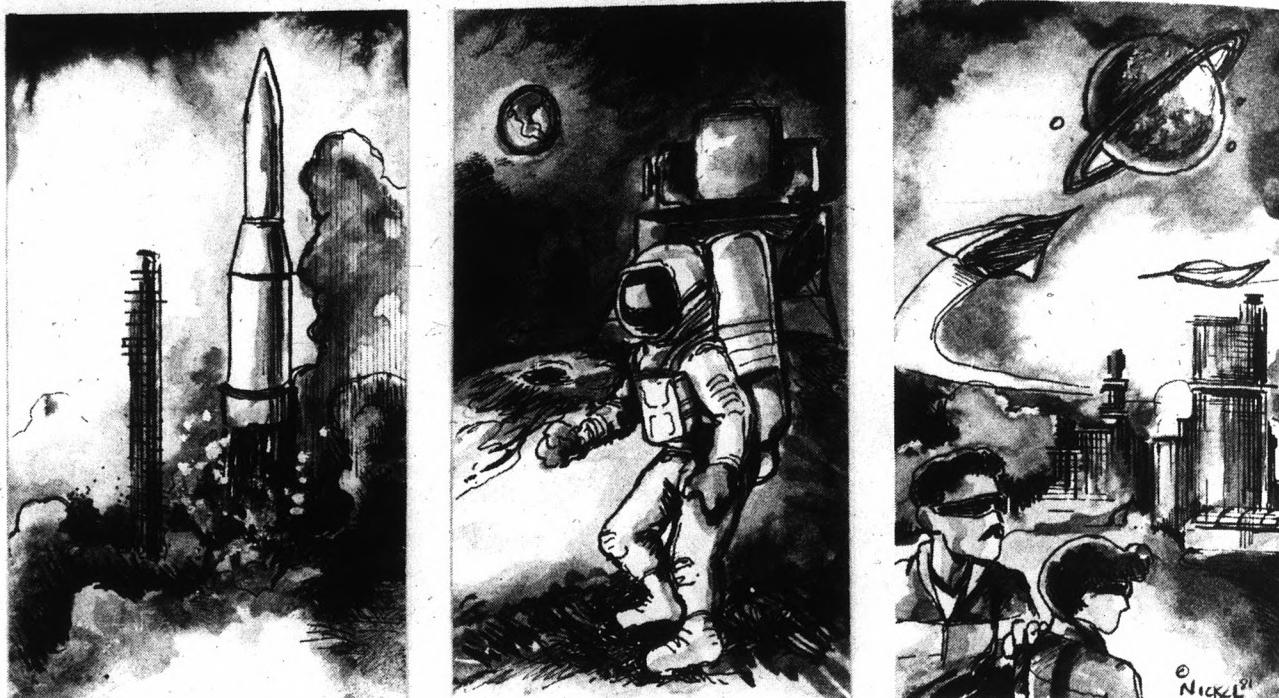
The earth is really a fascinating place," said Engle. "India is crashing into Asia; it's really doing it."

Engle was excited about his first look at the plate tectonics theory in action. The Indian plate and the Eurasian plate meet at the Himalayas, according to the theory that divides the Earth into six sections which float and collide over the Earth's mantle.

As Columbia silently spun over the mid-east, where territorial tensions are released in bloody outbursts, Truly was struck by his inability to tell one country from the next. "There weren't any borders," he observed.

Space photographs of the Earth first beamed back in 1968, showing the world as a single system. Decisions about resource management moved from a local to a global perspective.

Maybe the first tickets on the space shuttle could go to world leaders to give them a global perspective on world politics.



The progression of technology, from the crude launch missiles of the early 60s, to the moon landing in 1969, and . . . the future?



The XV-15 Tilt Rotor Research Aircraft can take off like a helicopter, tilt the rotor blades forward and fly like an airplane at speeds up to 346 miles per hour.

Opinion

Christmas cult

By Steve Greaves

Caught in a traffic jam while Christmas shopping, I noticed on the tailgate of a shiny new pick-up truck the words "Christians aren't perfect — just forgiven."

That bumper sticker gospel seemed to sum up much of the public relations by the present Christian cult. A promise of exclusive self-gloration, costing no more than the effort of showing up for Sunday services. Join us, you'll be a welcome addition to our flock.

As traffic edged forward, a scene at a department store entrance evoked childhood memories. A fat round man in red, white-bearded with rosy cheeks and twinkling eyes, paced slowly and fro, jangling a bell.

A nativity scene glowed in a window. I could almost see the shepherds on the hillside where the angel appeared in a blaze of light to announce: "Fear not; for behold I bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord."

Modern research indicates Jesus was not born in the winter. However, the day we call, "Christmas Day," was set on a day shortly after the winter solstice. This was a time during which pagans celebrated the lengthening of the days.

Since Jesus symbolized faith in a new beginning, this made it easier to "convert" the pagans, who already were looking forward to the "new life" of spring. Thus, the passover rite and the legend of the resurrection also facilitated this "conversion."

So the church diluted Jesus' teaching, even censoring many texts in early centuries and persecuting women and "heretics" later on, in order to consolidate its worldly power and ensure its survival.

This is no reason we should not examine who or what Jesus himself really was.

Was he just a man, Jesus of Nazareth? Or the Christ, Son of God, only-begotten (virgin-born)? Is Jesus a universal archetype, a "threshold personality" like Buddha or Krishna in the Orient, symbol of every body's innate capacity to realize a blissful, free and all-inclusive consciousness? Or was he a flesh-and-blood Siddha-Guru ("Heaven-born Savior") whose every step and gesture radiated the beauty and joy of a fully incarnate, perfectly awakened, divinely empowered human being?

Morton Smith, who discovered a fragment of early scripture and wrote about it in "The Secret Gospel," published "Jesus the Magician" in 1978, which shows the man Jesus to have been more attractive and tangibly awe-inspiring to his contemporaries than any bloodless pronouncements of modern officialdom conveys.

Smith shows how people perceived Jesus when he lived, what sort of supernatural powers he may have exercised,

what he meant in his own time.

Jacob Needleman, an SF State professor of philosophy, published last year "Lost Christianity," a book attempting to describe how Jesus may have taught the first stages of the Way of self-sacrifice or surrender to the Transcendent Light of the Heart.

In his book, Needleman criticizes the church for telling people, in Jesus' words, the purpose of life, but failing to show the way to realize it.

Needleman says the church has neglected man's emotional core, but that some monks today seem to be duplicating early stages of Jesus' teachings on "emotional purification" — consisting of regular and intense physical, personal, devotional, social and moral disciplines. By faithful practice the disciple arrives at an "intermediate awakening," a clarity and strength of mind and body, that is the minimal or ground level of being human. Once the body-mind is converted from its old patterns of chaotic indulgence, one is able to consistently practice what Jesus preached: "Love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your mind; and love your neighbor as yourself."

"Enormous confusion is bred when purity of intention . . . is demanded without a compassionate and workable understanding of everything in the individual human being that resists or covers over such purity of heart," Needleman writes.

This deepening scholarly appreciation of the historic Jesus as a Spiritual Master coincides with the founding, by Buddhist and Hindu gurus, of practicing communities here in the United States. Also, research with yogis, meditators, elders and saints of several cultures is revealing that humans have a neuro-psychic capacity — through conscious use of the breath, touch, glance and prayer — to heal themselves and others, to adapt to and feel the Presence that some call God, to extend life and to make miracles.

Jesus' miracles may never be explained scientifically, but the testimony of twentieth century disciples of other Siddha-Gurus seems to indicate these miracles really took place. Saint Sai Baba and Swami Nityananda in India and Rolling Thunder and Da Free John in the United States are some of the ones who have performed similar — and different — miracles.

Those Masters and others in major world religions have acknowledged Jesus as one of the world's true Siddha-Gurus. But the only one.

The revelation of God to others has never been limited by time or space, by culture or race. The Old Testament prophets; Moslems such as Mohammed, Rumi, Kabir; Hindus such as Papa Ram Das, Tukaram, Mirabai; Tibetan Buddhists such as Marpa and Milarepa; American Indians such as Black Elk and Crazy Horse, are some who by their purity and wisdom revealed the Spirit of Life to others.

Many Christian cultists, however, claim Jesus as the only savior. For them, perhaps yes. But God doesn't exist inside Christianity. Christianity exists inside God, as one among many institutions of revelation.

Believing in only one guru or in none at all is not the point.

The point is whether we will live a cooperative way of life that is honestly, openly democratic. Membership in this or that cult, religious or secular — and all professional and avocational affiliations are cults — should not be a basis for discrimination.

The message of Dec. 25 is greater than the delight of children opening presents.

We create Christmas not merely by buying presents, but by responding whole-heartedly to Jesus' recommendation to love. Even enemies.

In that response the body and mind are lit up, as in the instant that Christmas tree lights are switched on.

The San Francisco State PHOENIX

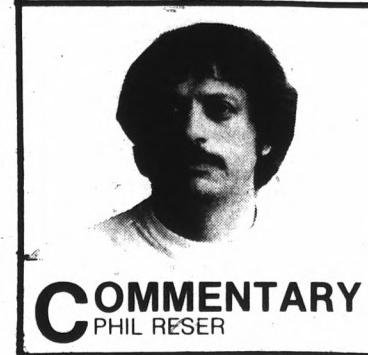
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COMMENTARY
PHIL RESER

Nuclear space

The one giant step for mankind is going in a new direction.

Over the last 20 years, the military has increasingly relied on space-based systems as integral parts of its nuclear war fighting capability.

The Navstar Global Positioning satellite system, for example, will provide navigational control to an accuracy of 10 meters to military vehicles including ICBMs, bombers and cruise missiles, facilitating a nuclear first strike capability against hard targets, such as missile silos.

The Satellite Data System spacecraft operate in highly-elliptical orbits above the North Pole the majority of the time, where they can communicate with bombers on the great circle route to the Soviet Union.

American and Soviet radar ocean reconnaissance satellites monitor critical enemy fleet movements, providing key strategic intelligence. Electronic "ferret" satellites eavesdrop on the opposition.

Today, the Space Shuttle, a unique spacecraft capable of a wide variety of missions, is becoming just another factor in strategic military planning.

The Reagan administration has cut 5 percent from Carter's 1982 budget for NASA, and the 1981 budget was only one-third the level of a decade ago. It is clear that the intention is to trim the civilian part of the program and to exploit the military end in order to speed up the arms race to space.

Except for its military uses, the Shuttle has been cut back again and again. Originally scheduled to fly 26 times a year, it was reduced to 48 missions between now and 1986 by Carter. The first Reagan budget cut it down to 32 flights, and a further 9-flight reduction is being discussed. Despite the sharp reduction in the total flights, the Air Force has gone against the trend and increased its scheduled flights by two.

The Air Force pays NASA about \$15 million for each Shuttle flight, and a commercial user pays about twice that amount. One NASA official said that the actual cost to NASA of each flight is about \$65 million. With NASA losing money on each flight, a cutback in the total number of flights makes sense; but NASA has chosen to cut civilian flights rather than the Air Force flights, which cost them the most.

The cuts forced the cancellation of the joint European-American International Polar Mission, in which two similar spacecraft were to fly over the poles of the sun. Also cut was the Hubble Interceptor Mission, leaving the U.S. the on-

and the teacher is in a beautiful position to do just such. Perhaps it's too much to ask that teachers be "guardians of morality" but couldn't they just carry that tradition into the classroom for a few hours a day?

It can place awkward pressure on the student who would like an academic relationship with a professor and, in fact, would truly value that, but is aware that a sexual tension exists. It can arouse guilt on the student's part, for one begins to wonder if she's causing it. And resentments can be aroused, grades jeopardized and the academic experience corrupted.

Although this is a well-known problem, it's an ongoing one as well. It needs more attention. I wish Phoenix would interview some female students and question professors. Some self-examination is in line, I truly believe.

Name withheld at author's request

Repression

If passed, the Intelligence Identities Protection Act, S 391, will allow the government to jail publishers and writers who identify a wide range of secret personnel of the CIA, FBI and Department of Defense.

Even the re-publication of identities may become illegal, according to Rep. Don Edwards (D-San Jose). The House of Representatives passed its version of the bill, without defining identity. The exposure of illegal activity may also become illegal under this legislation, says Edwards.

The bill will only be moved to the Senate floor if senators unanimously agree to limit debate and amendments. So right how just one senator can keep S

ly spacefaring country without a mission to Halley's Comet in 1986. Europe, Japan and the Soviet Union all have missions planned.

The Venus Orbiting Imaging Radar, which will provide a detailed map of the Earth's sister planet, and the Gamma Ray Observatory, have both been delayed several years. A flight of the Shuttle to repair the Solar Maximum Mission, a \$100 million solar observatory which shut down after a \$5 fuse burnt out, is being postponed so that a classified military mission can be flown on the Shuttle.

If additional cuts of \$367 million are approved it would require the elimination of either all space science and planetary exploration, or all earth-oriented applications work, or all work on technologies with commercial applications, such as making drugs and electronics in orbit. The one part of the program that would not be affected is the Shuttle, which accounts for about half of NASA's budget.

Part of the present military expense is planned toward building the first U.S. military spaceport, a \$2 billion construction project at Vandenberg Air Force Base in California. Sometime in 1985 the Air Force hopes to be able to launch the Shuttle from Vandenberg without any civilian involvement.

Even the civilian agency supervising the Shuttle program is getting top-heavy with military brass. NASA's second-in-command is now Hans Mark, who came to the job after four years as Secretary and Undersecretary of the Air Force.

Recently, Reagan named Maj. Gen. James Abrahamson as Associate Administrator of NASA's Office of Space Transportation Systems, which runs the Shuttle program. Abrahamson, a former astronaut in the Air Force's abortive military space station project, was also formerly in charge of the F-16 fighter program.

The hot new proposal for the Space Shuttle is laser battle stations, anti-ballistic missile systems in space. High-energy laser research has made enormous progress in the last five years, and aerospace companies like Boeing, Lockheed, TRW, Martin Marietta, and Hughes are spending tens of millions of dollars to design laser weapons to fit in the payload bay of the Shuttle.

Republican Senators led by Malcolm Wallop of Wyoming, Jake Garn of Utah, and ex-astronaut Harrison Schmitt of New Mexico favor plans to ring the Earth with 18 five-megawatt carbon dioxide chemical fueled laser ABM satellites. This plan would require some 50 Space Shuttle flights, requiring cancellation of other scientific space missions.

In the past few months, successful initial tests of an extremely powerful X-ray laser pumped by the output of a nuclear explosion have taken place at the Nevada underground nuclear test site. Defense planners are contemplating rapid deployment of these compact nuclear lasers in space to destroy Soviet missiles. Defense Secretary Weinberger has aided the process by openly criticizing and calling for a re-evaluation of the 1972 ABM Treaty which bans deployment of destabilizing ABM systems in space.

In July 1982, the fourth scheduled launch of the Shuttle will carry its first military payload. The contents are classified. Although it will be several years before the Shuttle will carry weapons into space, this will mark the start of a new arms race in space.

This is all a far cry from the message on a plaque left on the moon by the first astronauts: "We came in peace for all mankind."

391 from coming to a vote by insisting on full debate.

Call California's senator, Alan Cranston, the minority whip, and tell S 391 is unconstitutional in any form, tell him to oppose it; tell him to insist on full debate with no time limit when and if S 391 comes to the senate floor.

Stop this measure that seeks to jail publishers and writers and to silence critics of the CIA, FBI and the military.

Call Senator Cranston's San Francisco office at 556-8440.

Angus Mackenzie
Union of Student Journalists

CSSA

Many of you in the campus community are probably confused, perplexed and bored at the recent controversies surrounding the Associated Students. I share your concerns. There has been misinformation and personal opinions about the California State Student Association (CSSA). Presently, there is a petition being circulated asking that the AS Legislature research the past history, budgets and effectiveness of CSSA before they take an action that could affect the students at San Francisco State. Prior to my involvement with the AS, I was active with CSSA, which, for the past ten years, has successfully lobbied the state legislature and Board of Trustees on issues of tuition, fees, instructionally-related activities, student representation in hiring and promotion of faculty. Presently, CSSA is working on institutionalizing voter registration. As a result, I support our continued relationship with CSSA and would challenge anyone to provide documented proof that the CSSA has not been effective.

Yvette Denise Terrell
Associated Student Body President

Letters to the Editor

Enrollment

system to interfere with the quality of our education on the basis of under-enrollment when the actual statistics show:

• those classes with less than 10 CAR enrollments usually fill up to meet that requirement by virtue of late enrollment, or through Drops/Add in the first few weeks of school.

• those classes with less than 10 CAR enrollments are usually those involving a diverse or specific field of interest relevant to a majority of SFSU students.

I suggest all students take responsibility for saving the so-called "unpopular" classes and many of our fine part-time instructors. Enroll for the full 18 units allowed by the University, and make a special effort to acknowledge and comply with the CAR deadline for enrollment. Even if students are working and can only attend 12 units, by pre-enrolling for the maximum and including some of those courses which may only have one section, they will help save the course and help strengthen the educational experience SFSU must maintain.

This system may not seem to concern the Business school, but is cuts deeply into the Liberal Arts, Humanities and Ethnic Studies programs. Students are already limited to the kinds of courses offered for interpersonal connections in the fields of philosophy, history, and Third World awareness. As conscious students we cannot allow a bureaucratic

because of budget cuts and arbitrary enrollment limitations. By enrolling to the maximum (classes can always be dropped later) we can allow interested students to select relevant course material from a reservoir of available classes unlimited by any computer hit squad!

Jane Marshall

Sexism

This letter is written in the heat of the moment as well as with anger and frustration. I turn to you as what I see as my only constructive outlet.

The issue is teacher conduct in the classroom and the question is: "What has happened to professionalism in the classroom?"

Sexual desires aren't unhealthy or wrong, but they don't belong in the classroom. The professional standard among professors seems to have deteriorated with the sexual revolution, and that's a sad loss. We all need some role models, and someone to inspire us

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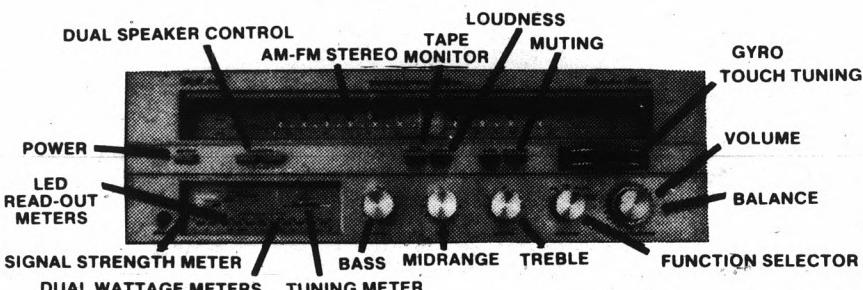
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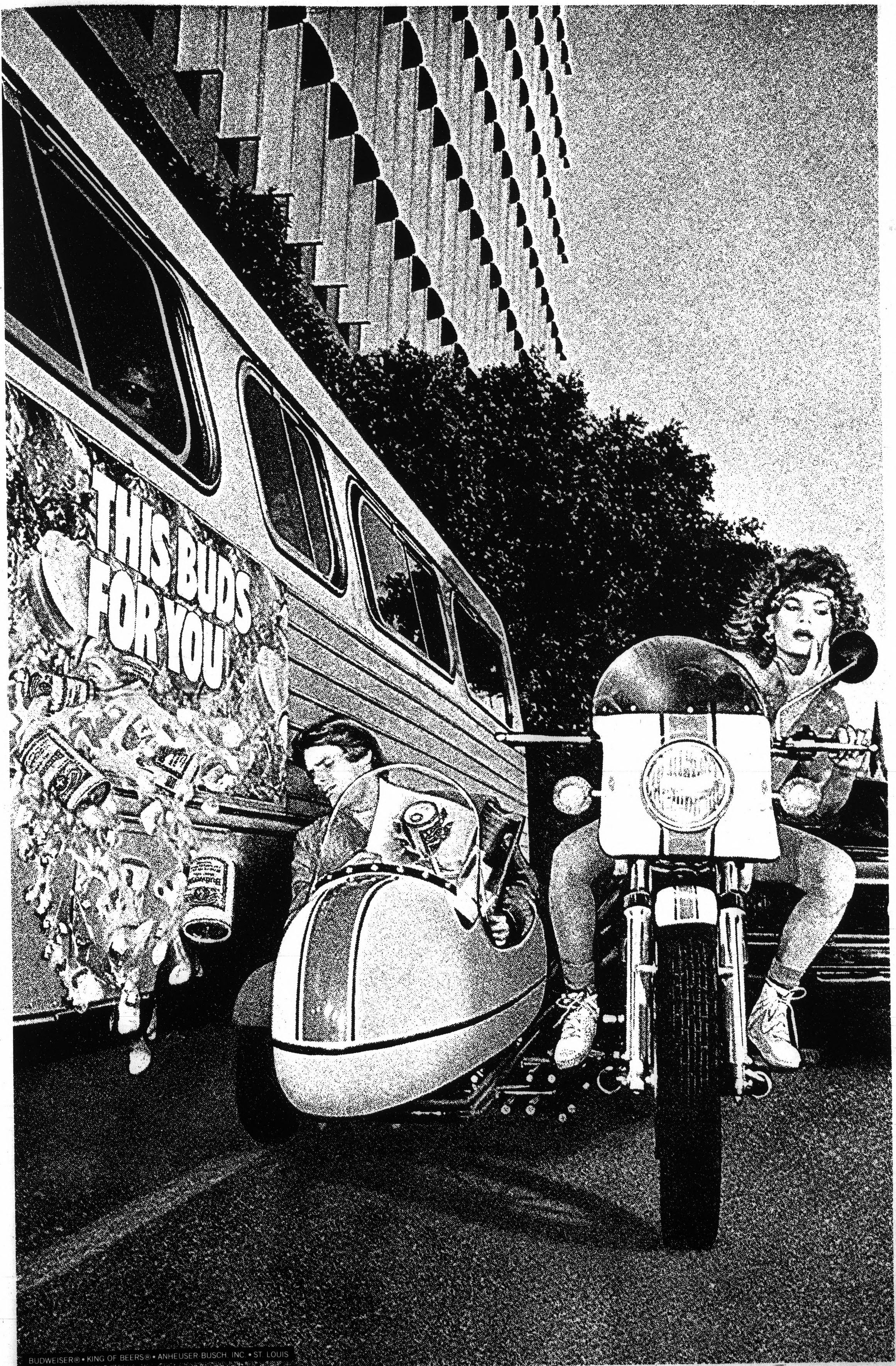
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Singing your own 'Messiah'

By E. A. O'Hara

Looking like a living, breathing pink-flocked Christmas tree basking in Florida sunshine, Davies Symphony Hall is packed to the rafters, swollen with the sound and excitement of more than 3,000 people singing "Hallelujah!" to the triumphant music of George Friderick Handel's "Messiah."

The event is a symphony, an opera, a circus, and the biggest Christmas caroling convention ever held under one roof, all rolled into one.

It is the Third Annual Sing-It-Yourself Messiah, presented Tuesday night by the San Francisco Conservatory of Music. Even a half-hour before the evening begins, it is clear that the "Messiah" is a sell-out.

It's time to start, and the San Francisco Conservatory of Music Orchestra takes the stage, settling into place with timeless and polished baroque elegance. A round of applause greets Peter Frajola, concertmaster, as he and his violin come on, then vocal soloists Nikki Hartliep, soprano; Wendy Hiltzhouse, alto; Robert Tate, tenor and Lee Velta, bass, appear.

Louis Magor, director of the San Francisco Symphony Chorus and conductor of the Sing-It-Yourself Messiah since its inception in 1979, makes an entrance worthy of a ringmaster. His tanned and chiseled good looks seem made for television, and with a simple welcome, he takes the audience into the palm of his hands.

"The 'Sing-It-To-Yourself' and 'Listen-To-It' Messiahs are happening next week," he says. "Tonight, we want all of you to sing. So everybody stand up, we'll do a practice warm-up."

"This must be a different group than we had last year," Magor says, and the hall is happy to laugh.

Magor gives a final encouraging word, saying that members of the Conservatory's chorus have been practicing for weeks for the event and are planted at various places throughout the audience to help keep things somewhat in tune.

"They're the ones looking particularly smug," he says. Then, Magor turns to the orchestra, lifts his hands, and the Messiah's overture begins.

Handel wrote the Messiah in an amazingly-short 23 days, finishing the piece on September 14, 1741. He didn't write it for church performance; although the text is religious, he intended that it be sung in a secular setting. The Messiah was popular from its first performance, and has endured among



Phoenix photos/Dominique Nicolas

Three thousand people make the most of Handel's Messiah.

American and European audiences and performers.

Why so popular? You listen as the half-amateur, half-professional, half-adult, half-kid audience at Davies sings the music into a sound so tangible that the music finds its way to your spine and fills you right to the toes.

Intermission comes, and the crowd spills into the curved foyer of Davis Hall like fresh, foaming eggnog poured into a glass. The body of voices takes on a personality as the singers share stories and experiences with one another.

Lark Schumacher ("Honest, the name's on the birth certificate"), is one of the professionals, an alto with the Conservatory's chorus. She wears a yellow badge which reads, "Lou Magor's Groupies" — Magor's mother, she explains, is attending tonight and has come laden with the badges.

At last it's time for the Messiah

showstopper, "Hallelujah!" The score seems to become more difficult after the intermission, but everybody knows this one. "King of kings, and lord of lords; for he shall reign for ever and ever . . . hallelujah, hallelujah!"

Emotional. The religious text and sheer physicality of the music is powerful stuff. What do you do with all that when the last "Amen" is sung? Sing Christmas carols, of course.

Magor comes back from the third curtain call and conducts the orchestra into a medley of carols including "Joy to the World" and "Silent Night."

But that's not enough for the "Sing-It-Yourself" audience; all 3,000-plus, slightly hoarse, beaming singers burst into spontaneous rounds of favorite and sentimental caroling as they exit the concert hall, carrying the singing right out onto the street to linger in the chill December air.

Amen.

The Medfly sleeps, while scholars hold forums

It may seem as though the battle of the Medfly is over in the Santa Clara Valley and South Bay Peninsula, but the pests are merely "hibernating" this winter and may be a major problem to contend with this spring.

The Medfly is semi-dormant in winter and it is difficult to determine if the insect's lack of appearance is because of this or if it has been eliminated by malathion spraying, said Bennett Burke, president of the Entomology Club at SF State.

The current Medfly situation and its future implications will be addressed today at a forum sponsored by the Entomology Club.

The forum will present various perspectives and is intended as an informative session rather than a debate on the pros and cons of the Medfly Eradication Program.

Featured speakers include representatives from Bay Area organizations involved in different approaches to the program.

Jerry Scribner, director of the Medfly Eradication Program, will speak on the historical background and progress made in the fight against the Medfly.

Decision-making during the Medfly crisis based on insect populations and scientific data and the political and ur-

ban controversies involved will be addressed by Dr. Margaret Race, a biologist from Stanford University.

Health hazards of malathion spraying is the topic of Dr. Jim Stratton of the State Department of Health Services. Steve Driestadt, of Citizens for a Better Environment, will focus on pesticide use in urban environments.

The possibility of a population explosion of other harmful insects whose natural predators have been killed due to malathion application will also be discussed.

The forum will be held in room 101 of the Old Science Building, 4 p.m. to 6:30 p.m.

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ADM 351

Cuts are proposed Grim report on budget

By Glen Nethercut

For richer or poorer, for better or worse, SF State's funding is indissolubly tied to the ups and downs of the California state treasury.

President Paul Romberg's proposal to cut 15 faculty positions here next semester is the latest and most dramatic evidence of this turbulent marriage.

The future doesn't look much rosier.

When Gov. Edmund G. Brown Jr. announced \$460 million in state budget cuts to make up for lost revenues, he blamed, among other things, Proposition 13, the \$100 million Medfly operations costs and "Reaganomics."

Together, the three have reduced state revenues by as much as \$750 million, according to State Budget Director Mary Ann Graves. And because California's constitution forbids deficit financing, Brown was forced to prune the state budget.

The \$973 million California State University and Colleges system's share of this budgetary weeding came to \$20 million. SF State's prorated share was \$333,777.

THE CUTS

In the past, estimates of state revenues have been conservative, or too low, but beginning with last year's budget the figures were too optimistic.

As a result, Brown ordered cuts in the state's \$25.8 billion budget. He froze \$200 million in uncommitted school construction funds and \$20 million in miscellaneous funds; deferred \$170 million in proposed public works programs; and cut \$70 million from the \$5.5 billion state operations budget, which is the source of CSUC's funding.

CSUC met its \$20 million share with a \$46 student fee surcharge that absorbed \$14 million of the cuts, and a \$675,000 slicing from the system's administrative budget.

The remaining \$5 million in reductions have been distributed among CSUC's 19 campuses with the size of the cuts proportionate to the size of each university's budget.

[AND MORE CUTS?]

There's still a chance of further CSUC budget reduction, although Dennis Hordyk, assistant program budget manager for the state, said it's unlikely.

On Nov. 11 the state Assembly Ways and Means Committee approved a bill authorizing the governor to cut an additional 3 percent from the state operations budget if California's revenue problems worsen.

Jim Van Ness, university budget director, said a 3 percent revenue reduction, on top of the 2 percent slice and post-

Proposition 13 shrinks in funding, would have a significant effect upon SF State.

"If the cuts come late in the fiscal year, I don't know if there's any way we could make them without cutting into classes, canceling classes in mid-semester and layoffs on a large scale," said Van Ness.

[CSUC AND INFLATION]

Prior to the 2 percent shaving, CSUC's budget was already eroded by inflation. The system's budget has grown by only \$53 million over the 1980-81 fiscal year — a 5.5 percent increase. Inflation last year was more than double that figure.

Don Scoble, university relations director, said inflation and lower tax revenues will continue to bite into SF State's budget.

"We have to struggle to maintain quality in the face of fewer dollars to do what we need to do," said Scoble.

[TAX RELIEF]

Since the passage of Proposition 13 in June of 1978, tax relief has been growing steadily in California. By 1982, potential state and local tax revenues will have been reduced by \$44 billion because of these measures.

Proposition 13, which restricts the amount of property tax local government can charge homeowners, accounts for more than half of the reduction — or \$28 billion.

By 1985 state budget analysts estimate indexing — the adjusting of income tax rates for inflation — will account for an annually higher amount of lost state revenues than Proposition 13.

And California's surplus, used to bailout local governments post-Proposition 13, isn't around anymore. In 1978 the surplus amounted to \$3.7 billion, but last year it ran dry.

[REAGANOMICS]

In his October speech Gov. Brown blamed what he called "the Reagan recession" for \$300 million in lost revenues.

Regardless of the blame, state revenues were below their originally budgeted amounts: sales taxes were down \$300 million, inventory taxes were off by \$215 million, corporation taxes dropped \$210 million and miscellaneous funds were cut \$80 million.

[THE FUTURE]

The budget picture for California's future — and of course for SF State — doesn't look bright.

Brown has said: "If the current drop in state revenues for the last three months continues for the rest of the year and into the next year, the state will face drastic new budget reductions or tax increases to meet our obligations."

The 1982-83 budget, the governor said, will be even tighter.

Einstein discusses theory of cult deprogramming

By Barbara Grob

The Moonies think Evelyn Einstein is satanic. She does have a tendency to smoke excessively and indulge her sweet tooth by eating truffles, but there is little evidence to suggest that Albert Einstein's granddaughter is evil.

Einstein's work as a cult deprogrammer has earned her a notorious reputation in the eyes of the Unification Church. The term "deprogrammer" is not yet defined in standard dictionaries, but Moonies might define it as a dangerous, wicked person — one who is likely to kidnap, torture and turn a devoted member into an agent of Lucifer.

Sitting in her small, cluttered apartment in Berkeley, surrounded by stacks of books on anthropology, animals and religion, Einstein chuckles at such an image of herself. She winds up a green toy mechanical monster that spits sparks, and says that this is how the Moonies envision her.

Dressed in a faded purple tie-dyed shirt and blue sweat pants, Einstein is a plain looking 40-year-old woman. She played classical records while she spoke about the work she does and the cults who hate her for it.

"The reason I do this is to save people's integrity and their thinking processes," she said. Coming from a highly academic family, Einstein believes the most serious damage cults do is to destroy free thought in people.

She does not kidnap anyone. Einstein

works only with "volunteers," people who have agreed to talk with someone about the cult.

Getting a member away from their "shadow" (a fellow member) is the first step. This involves intrigue. Secure hotel rooms must be found in out-of-the-way places; cars must be rented under false names. Einstein is reluctant to give specifics about the arrangements. She says that Moonies work hard to sabotage deprogramming.

It is not an easy job. A deprogrammer can last from hours to days, depending on how long the person has been in the cult. Einstein says the long-term members are very arrogant.

Groups like the Unification Church have carefully refined their recruiting techniques, according to Einstein. "After six months indoctrination, it is very unlikely that someone will walk out voluntarily," she said.

Except for emergencies, Einstein works with a partner, usually an ex-member. Their initial contact with a member is extremely tense. Einstein says that Moonies are taught to commit suicide rather than submit to deprogramming.

Often the deprogrammers do most of the talking. Einstein has collected a lot of information about the Unification Church and its leader, Rev. Sun Myung Moon. This is her ammunition for the emotion-charged battle.

She begins by talking about herself. She says that compassion and warmth must be expressed. She then reads

newspaper clippings, congressional documents and excerpts from Moon's speeches. Einstein says that lectures given by Moon are similar to those given by Hitler. Moon has made many sexist statements about women, according to Einstein. She emphasizes these statements when deprogramming females.

"The idea is to trigger some question, doubt in their mind," she says. "Then they usually want to hear more."

Einstein tells members that Moon has become very rich man through their strenuous fund raising. She describes Moon's lifestyle as extravagant and compares it to the austere manner in which cult members live.

Einstein says that many cult members are idealistic and anti-war. She tells them that Moon runs a munitions factory in Korea.

The process can be very difficult for both the deprogrammer and member. Einstein has to control herself.

"Sometimes you want to strangle them; it's hard talking to a robot!"

Members who decide to leave the group frequently feel "ripped off." Einstein tries to bring members out with dignity. "Nobody wants to be told they are a sucker," she said. "One woman told me, 'I feel naked in front of you.'"

Ex-members need a lot of support from family and friends. They also need what Einstein calls "rehab." Because

See EINSTEIN, page 15.

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"'Twas like losin' a friend the day George Killian stopped brewin' the Red."

An old friend, if you ask me. For nearly a hundred years, the lads in this part of Ireland knew you could count on the Red. And count on it they did.

"It was George Killian's family who brewed it. And for five generations, they was holdin' true to the taste. If you ever had a taste for yourself, you'd thank 'em for it, too.

"But then came the black day when George Killian stopped brewin' the Red. Some say it was the changin' times that backed him to the wall.

"'Modernize,' they said to George.

"'Compromise,' George said to them. 'And I'll have none of that. Before I change the taste, I'll close the doors.'

"And close the doors he did—though a few of the lads came close to tears. And George Killian came a mite close to tears, himself. Or so they say.

"Then something grand happened. Over in America, Coors asked George if they could help him bring it back.

"'Brew my Killian's Red?' George asked. 'Aye, I'd be proud to brew with you. If you be brewin' it *my way*'



"Now George's way was never the easy way. It means slow-roastin' the malts. Takin' a bit more time. And a bit more trouble.

"But that's what brings out the taste. And that's what brings out the color. And that's the only way.

"And I hear that's just the way they're doin' it. One sip, they say, and you'll know they're brewin' it George's way.

"Of course, brewin' it his way is just what I expected. Don't forget what George Killian says:

"'I stopped brewin' it once. And I can stop it again.'



KILLIAN'S RED

One Mind Temple: a free lunch and all that jazz

By Theresa Goffredo

You've gotta wait to eat in America. To eat for free. Yeah, there's a free lunch, at One Mind Temple on what you call "Divis" Street, but you gotta wait in line for it. There's a gate on the door. The gate's painted gold, but it's a gate with bars just the same.

There's people that wait on this line. All kinds a' people. There's one smiling. He's got a plaid cap on and long hair. He's holding a bag.

"Dis is my first time here. My name is Walter. I'm from Central America. I'm gonna put my plant in my apartment." He holds the bag open and what he's got inside looks like a branch from a pine tree. It's still got cones on it. Walter is smiling. "I had some friends on Fill-mor-eh. They were nice to me. I like it here."

Here on the street corner, waiting for lunch. Walter goes back to his place in line. You gotta keep your place in line or you don't get in the door right away. Walter's standing behind some guy reading from a pamphlet. He's reading out loud. He's tired a' reading so now he plays a tune on his recorder. This guy with the recorder is sittin' next to a unicycle. It's covered with flags and stuffed animals.

"Hey, man, what's happening, Terry?"

"Hey, bro, what you doin' here this time of the morning?"

"Oh man, I came to get me some lunch."

These are some friends on line waiting to eat. They all sit on the plastic milk crates. They're all wearing denim jackets and smoking cigarettes, except for the black guy. He's not wearing a jacket. He's got on a print shirt with plaid pants and some sneakers with no laces. He has a shiny bald head. These guys are sitting and talking.

"Man, I hurt my arm last night. I must've hit a nerve. I don't think I'm gonna shoot up again until Christmas." This

is what one of the guys is saying. He's real thin. He had on red nail polish and his eyebrows are plucked. All his friends think that not shooting up till Christmas is funny. They're all laughing. "But I sold everything I had last night and I didn't touch any of it either. Oh, let me sit down, I'm all out of energy." The guy with the red fingernails sits down.

He keeps on talking. "I'm gonna eat, go home and nod out and get up about 12:30 and see what I can sell. Oh man, I really hurt my arm."

It's about 2:30 now. The doors were supposed to open at 2, but you gotta wait for a free lunch. The line is beginning to fill up. There's a couple with a baby. The couple is reading People Magazine. The baby's too small to eat so it's drinking from a bottle. There's an old guy with a beard and he has one of those radios hung around his shoulders. He's talkin' to some guy about Fast Passes.

Some black guy comes out of the doors of the temple. He's wearing one of those peasant smocks. He says we have to move to the other side of the gate so we could be served faster. Half the line moves to the other side.

Then one of those record books is passed around. All the people on line sign it. Name, address and who sent you. It's gettin' close to 3 o'clock now.

After the book is signed by everyone the black guy in the smock comes out again and this time the gate with the gold bars opens. He's lettin' everybody in by groups. There's a sign on the gate and beyond the door is the temple where lunch is served. The sign says, "The One Mind Temple Revolutionary Transitional Church of Christ." The sign lists all the services the church offers like free lunch twice a week, free calligraphy and musical body awareness classes, counseling for the troubled and free clothing drives.

Inside, the church smells like incense and cooked cabbage. It's dark and the two tables are full. Sit down and a plate of



Phoenix photo/Charles Hammont

The food at the temple may be free, but it isn't fast.

food is dropped on the table. Black-eyed beans, rice, salad, cabbage, cornbread and half an apple. The meals are vegetarian.

"Man, the food I ate up in Eureka was real good," this one guy says. He wears glasses and a brown sweater. He's talkin' to some guy next to him who's eatin' at his plate of food. "The food up there wasn't vegetarian though, but it was good. You had to pray before you ate, though."

At One Mind Temple you don't have to pray. You have to listen to John Coltrane music. The people of this church worship Coltrane. There's lots of pictures of Coltrane on the walls, and a T-shirt with his face on it. The words on the T-shirt read, "Love is Supreme."

Some people don't like this church that worships Coltrane. Coltrane's dead now and Mrs. Coltrane doesn't like the church even though it gives free food and clothing to poor people. She is suing the church. She said the church is using her dead husband's name to sell prayer clothes, incense, greeting cards and bread. Her dead husband's name has the same initials as Jesus Christ.

These people who are eating don't care about the suit against the temple. They're eating and the food is hot. There's no water though. One guy eats his food real fast. He's wearing white earphones on his head. He's taking people's salads if they don't want them. He could have seconds, but he'd have to wait in line again.

Homage to the purple haze

By Sam Stevens

Most of the people braving the cold rain of an early winter storm to attend the opening of the Jimi Hendrix Electric Church Foundation were young — too young to have appreciated the music of their idol during his lifetime.

Many of them paid homage to Hendrix because it was Nov. 27, his birthday. The electric rock guitarist's brief career ended with a drug overdose more than 10 years ago when he was 27.

Inside the newly painted purple Victorian at 142 Central Avenue in the Haight, bigger than life posters and photographs of Hendrix smile sensuously down at his fans.

And they continued to come. When the doors closed at 8 p.m., several hundred had celebrated the opening of the foundation which is not a church in spite of its name.

Al Burge, the founder of the memorial to Hendrix, said he selected the name electric church because of the electrifying quality of Hendrix's music and the spiritualism people feel for him.

To Burge, owner of the Underground Head Shop on Market Street, the opening was the realization of a dream and five years of hard work. Tired of pushing paraphernalia, Burge said he wanted to give young people a chance to experience another kind of high — one that comes from making music.

As a tribute to Hendrix, Burge has provided a place where young musicians can rehearse, study with professionals and record in a sophisticated sound room. He also provides a musicians' switchboard with job information.

Burge offered two weeks of free guitar lessons beginning Dec. 7. Students are now asked to pay \$1 to \$3 per hour. The other services are free.

"This is great," said Don Harvey, a professional drummer from Los Angeles. "He's (Burge) giving struggling musicians the opportunity to record, which they might not otherwise have."

As the rain fell steadily throughout the afternoon, groups of 25 to 30 people — some sitting cross-legged on the floor, others in folding chairs — watched video tapes of Hendrix' concerts. In the

small, dark room on the second floor, a woman, her long white hair a beacon in a sea of frizzed dark and blond hair, scooted her chair closer to the screen.

Others, umbrellas and wet jackets over their arms, walked through the spacious rooms of the three-story structure where such contemporaries of Hendrix as Janis Joplin, Boz Skaggs and Steve Miller once reported.

The crowds were properly reverent. And they spoke of Hendrix as if he were alive.

"Jimi Hendrix is a man of many lives — not one, but many," said Dino Johnson, an amateur guitarist who was 16 when Hendrix died. "He plays with his heart and soul. There'll never again be anybody like him."

"When he plays," said John "Bones" Dykhouse, a professional musician, "the notes he hits are so clean, it's like he's got glass strings."

At one point, the acrid odor of marijuana smoke wafted through the house, but it quickly dissipated after a gentle admonishment by Burge.

The highlight of the day was an ivory

Fender Stratocaster electric guitar — a replica of the ones Hendrix played so outrageously, plucking the strings with his teeth, then setting the instrument on fire.

Patrick Ledbetter, 25, won the guitar in a raffle at the end of the day. Ledbetter said he didn't know how to play, but wanted to learn.

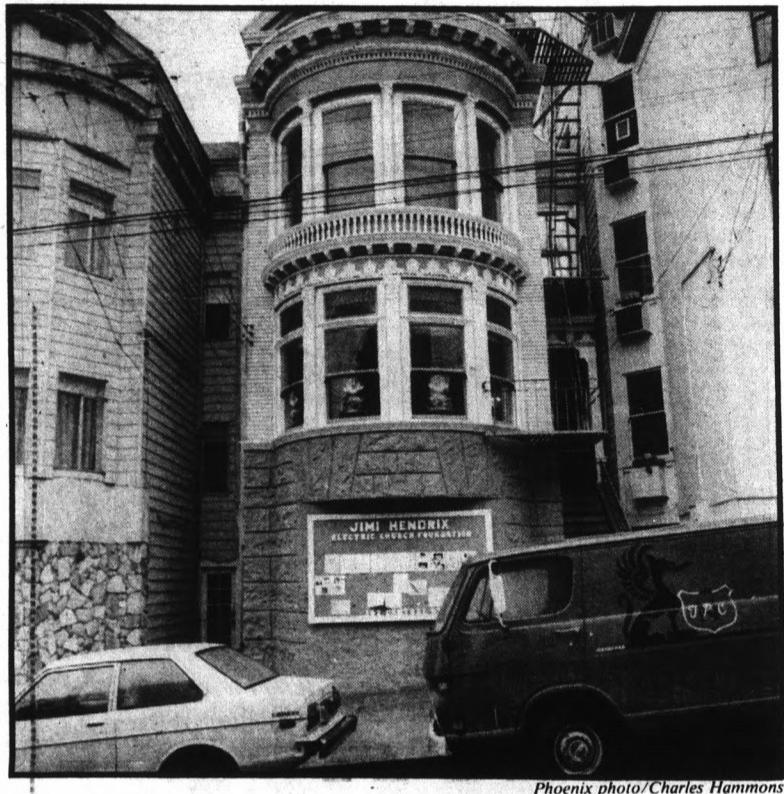
Burge gives away a guitar every year on Hendrix' birthday.

"I feel by giving a guy an instrument, by giving him space to rehearse, I am giving him something he can't lose," said Burge.

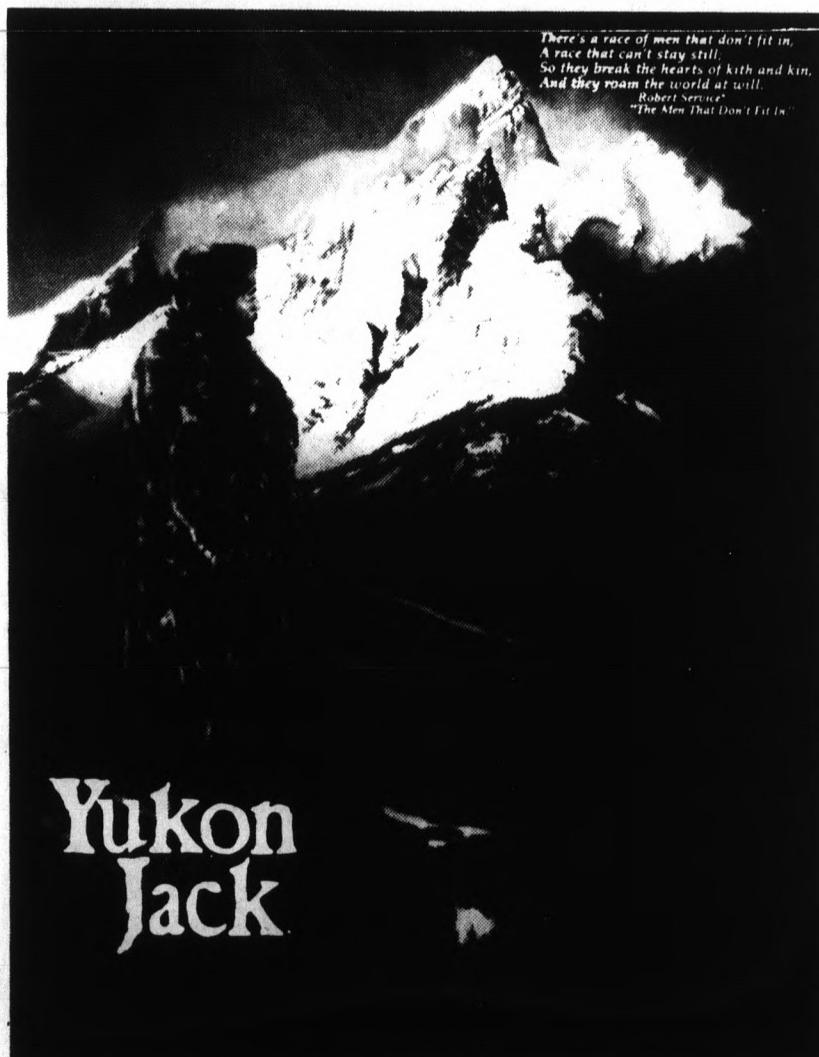
Peter Ruth, 18, signed up for guitar lessons. He has listened to Hendrix since he was 10. "His music tells people what's going on in the world," he said.

"There's a whole other generation just tuning in," said Burge. "The kids are experiencing Jimi for the first time."

"The news media kind of left Jimi with 'Peace Priest of LSD O.D.'s.' They forgot all about the music. They tried to smother him in drugs. He's worth more than that. That's one of the reasons I put this thing together."



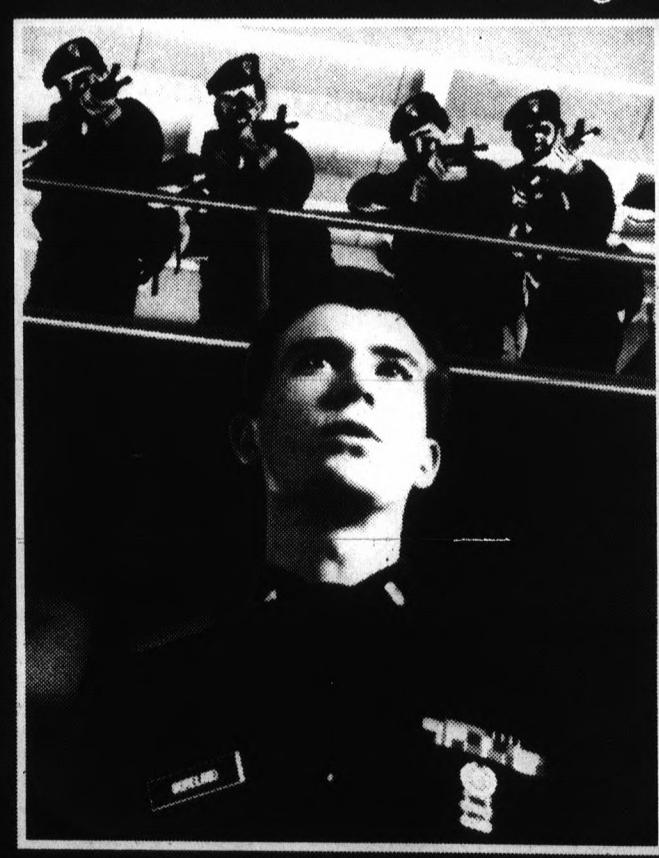
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System-wide Budget Reductions Spring, 1982 Semester

CSUC campus	Amount of cut	Cut per student	Part-time teachers not rehired	Personnel layoffs	Class sections cut	Fiscal adjustments
SFSU	\$333,000	\$13.61	Yes	No	Yes	Equip. freeze; unallocated \$ used
Bakersfield	97,000	28.50	No	No	No	Operating expenses; equip.
Chico	258,000	17.53	10 positions	No	Yes	Reserve funds used
Dominguez Hills	130,000	15.76	No	No	No	Equip./operating \$; IRA funds
Fresno	280,000	17.24	No	No	No	Used reserves
Fullerton	291,000	12.50	No	No	No	Spending carefully monitored
Hayward	201,000	17.52	No	No	No	Equip.; operating expenses
Humboldt	173,000	23.36	No	No	No	Equip.; operating expenses
Long Beach	408,000	12.77	No	No	No	No information
Los Angeles	—Information not released—					
Northridge	350,000	12.49	50 positions	No	Yes — appx. 100 Closed spring applic. early	
Pomona	300,000	18.55	Yes—no. unknown	No	Yes	None
Sacramento	250,000	11.03	No	No	No	Spring enroll. limited
San Bernardino	93,000	18.76	No	No	No	Operating expenses
San Diego	500,000	15.00	Yes—no. unknown	No	Yes	None
San Jose	—Information not released—					
San Luis Obispo	—Information not released—					
Sonoma	—Information incomplete—					
Stanislaus	86,000	20.98	No	No	No	Operating \$; equip.

Survey

Continued from page 1.

instrument, I am sure, I am can't lose."

up for guitar Hendrix since tells people d." he said. "A generation. "The kids first time, left Jimi D.'s. They tried to worth more the reasons I

their budget cuts by not re-hiring some part-time instructors.

All the campuses indicated that they would not have to lay anybody off because of the budget cut. Not rehiring a faculty member whose contract is up is technically not the same as laying him off, because no employment had been promised.

The impact of the 2 percent cut is not equal on all campuses. Some campuses already owed money because their

enrollments did not meet their projections, so they weren't entitled to as much money from the system. Other enrolled more than they projected, so they will receive extra money from the system.

The amount that campuses had in reserve for emergencies also varied.

Almost all campuses will reduce their operating expenses. Reductions will range from fewer science supplies to no new catalog for next year, or even watching the telephone more closely.



San Francisco State University Student Union

	DEPOT THURSDAY NIGHT LIVE 5pm-7pm December 10: ARTICHOKE MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL 6pm-9pm on the wide screen! December 14: ATLANTA AT LOS ANGELES December 21: OAKLAND AT SAN DIEGO	
ART GALLERY DEPOT AND BASEMENT WALLS Main Gallery Hours: Mon./Wed. 10am-7pm, T/Th/F 10am-3pm December 7-11: "ARTICULATE PIZZA" Poetry, Installation, Performance, Dance, Music Through December 18: "SHORT STORIES" Text and photographs by Jeffrey Norman Through December 16: THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF VINCENT PARATORE		
TICKETRON™ NUTCRACKER ON ICE featuring Dorothy Hamill at the Warfield Theater. December 8-28 EARTH WIND AND FIRE at the Cow Palace on December 17th NEIL DIAMOND at the Cow Palace on December 21 and 22		
UNBELIEVERS TRIUMPH! Congratulations to the winning College Bowl team - The Unbelievers: DANI REENAN DAVID YARNOLD GARY JOSFPH R.C. MORGAN-WILDE Good luck to Coach Pat Conroy and team he selects to represent San Francisco State University in the regional competition at University of the Pacific on February 6 and 7. We hope for your continued success in the SFSU College Bowl tradition. Outsmart them all the way to the nationals!		
TIME MACHINE COMETH! Tuesday, December 15 at 4 and 6pm Barbary Coast		
THE STUDENT UNION WELCOMES HIBERNIA BANK "INSTABANK"! THE AUTOMATED TELLER MACHINE WILL BE OPERATIONAL IN THE EAST PLAZA OF THE STUDENT UNION AT THE START OF SPRING SEMESTER.		
THE STUDENT UNION STAFF AND GOVERNING BOARD WISHES YOU ALL A'S ON YOUR FINALS AND A HAPPY AND SAFE HOLIDAY!		

Simon

Continued from page 1.

ning another world journey. He wants to go back to India and South America, two areas he felt he gave short shrift to, and see them through a different perspective, as a married father now, and one who has made discoveries about himself through his travels.

"People who thought of my journey as a physical ordeal or an act of courage, like single-handed yachting, missed the boat," he wrote.

"The goal was comprehension and the only way to comprehend the world was by making myself vulnerable to it so that it would change me."

On and off throughout the four years, Simon felt as if a screen separating him from the world had dropped away. People could see him not as he saw himself in the mirror, but instead could look directly into his soul. It was a "perfect, silent communication" felt with these people, who were found anywhere from African teahouses to under Indian areca palms and peepul trees.

"I think that feeling at its best is what I miss most now," Simon said. "It's very difficult to throw away a prize as great as that. Of course what it depends on is a degree of honesty which is just about unattainable in this society. Two people in Indian or Arab countries can stand next to each

other and just be together. They don't have to make important conversation. They don't have to make any conclusions. They don't have to get anywhere."

"So, in a way, I feel much more opaque now than I did during the trip. I can't say what I feel and I don't expect others to say what they feel anymore. And that's a great loss."

Simon is wary of being labeled as the man who went around the world on a motorcycle. He finds it hard to talk about the trip, especially to those who haven't traveled much like that.

"I obviously get my best responses from people who have done something vaguely similar to what I've done, because they understand more about the whole point," he said. "What I really wanted to say (in the book) and I know I only hinted at here and there in a very small way, was that all the answers I got were great, they were perfect. But they were only as good as the moment at which I had them, and to expect to come back like some sort of old merchant adventurer with an armful of goodies and say, 'Here, I've been round the world and here's my fortune!' is ridiculous. You don't come back with anything. The validity of it is the experience."

Janitor may appeal

Melvin Hale, dismissed SF State custodian, may appeal his dismissal outside the university system, according to Jack Keys, who represents Hale.

Last month, SF State President Paul Romberg upheld a grievance panel's decision not to rehire Hale.

Since both the panel and Romberg upheld Hale's dismissal, Keys said Hale's options for appeal within the university system had been exhausted.

He said he and his client are examining the possibilities for an appeal in the courts. Such an appeal, Keys said, would be unprecedented.


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 **WORLD AIRWAYS**

Science hit by cutbacks

By Eileen Nederlof

Faculty allocations for all schools at SF State, except Science and Education, will remain intact in the Spring 1982 semester despite the 2 percent budget cut of \$20 million to the California State University and Colleges system.

Because the two schools overspent their budgets this semester, F.T.E. (full-time equivalent) faculty positions in each will be reduced. According to Assistant Provost Allen Willard, the School of Science will lose six and one-half F.T.E. faculty positions, which means that there will be about 32 fewer class sections, and the School of Education will lose 1.67 F.T.E. positions, which equals about eight class sections.

Dean of Science James Kelley says it is not yet certain from which departments the classes will be cut.

"This will be the first time we've had to reduce classes and it will mean that some students won't get the classes they need. Because this school has so many students we usually try to schedule enough classes to meet the demand. We'll try to cut only the classes in low demand or suggest alternatives such as taking the required class at a community college," said Kelley.

In the past, schools with unusually large numbers of students have been allowed to overspend to meet the demand for classes. Don Scoble, university relations director, says the recent budget cuts have ended that policy.

"In fat years we could balance it out, but not this year. There won't be any change in other schools because of cut-backs; the savings will come from dipping into the university reserve fund, freezing non-instructional positions and cutting back on

operating expense items," he said.

Students may find they are not getting the same level of campus-wide services next semester. As clerical positions remain unfilled, administrative procedures that previously took a week may now take several.

"It's a trade-off," said Scoble. "The money has to be cut from somewhere and President Romberg's new plan definitely favors the students' needs."

SF State President Paul Romberg presented his final plan for budget-cuts to the Academic Senate Tuesday. Of the 53 faculty cuts originally proposed by Provost Lawrence Ianni, Romberg's plan salvaged 38 positions.

Romberg told the senate that "after much soul searching and consultation," he, with Comptroller Alfred L. Leidy and other members of his cabinet, "decided that our main goal is to keep as many teaching

positions as possible and not touch such core instruction services as the library." His presentation was received with applause by the relieved senate.

Negative public reaction to the original plan, which would have reduced the number of spring semester classes by 220, was voiced by faculty and students alike, as well as the campus press. Scoble says that this was not a deciding factor in Romberg's decision to revise the plan.

Academic Senate wants new degree requirements

By E. A. O'Hara

The Academic Senate has approved a proposal that limits the number of units required to earn a Bachelor of Science degree to between 70 and 86 units.

The senate approved the policy at their meeting Tuesday. The policy will go to President Paul F. Romberg for his approval.

There is no existing limit on the units required for any given major in a B.S. degree program.

The new policy also slightly changes the unit requirements for B.A. degrees. The policy stipulates that the number of units "shall not" instead of "does not normally" exceed 45 units.

The policy calls B.A. programs "less career specific than most professional degrees," and therefore encourages students to take a greater number of general education courses.

Before approving the new policy by a 28 to 6 vote, the senate discussed the differences between B.A. and B.S. programs.

Several senate members said there should not be any limitations on the number of units required for the B.S. majors, and

argued that so-called "high-unit" majors, such as nursing and engineering, offer students a competitive program that prepares them for direct entrance into the job market.

"These majors aren't dreamed up," said Sultan Bhimjee, associate professor of Business Information and Computing Systems.

"The programs have high unit requirements because they offer breadth as well as depth," he said.

And, Surendra Manshingka, associate professor of finance, responded to the argument that B.S. majors are denied the opportunity to take "humanistic" courses because of the demands of high-unit majors.

"Students seem to say they're not scared of 96 unit majors if there is quality there. The programs are popular because students seem to get what they need for their mind and their mouth," said Manshingka.

But other senate members argued that some limit is necessary to avoid what Roberta Bennett, associate professor of Physical Education, termed SF State's becoming a "technical university."

Also at Tuesday's meeting, President Paul F. Romberg presented his final budget-cutting plan to the Academic Senate. (See related story, page 1.)

BRUCKER & MILLER
NOTES ON STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Parting Shots

it. It would seem the students here are not too interested in student governing groups. Why should they be? The AS only spends about half a million of their dollars per year.

The bickering and the backbiting between members of the student government goes on and on. AS President Yvette Terrell says this about AS Speaker Wayne Zimmerman. Zimmerman says that about Terrell and so on and so on. Come on, you knuckleheads! Remember who you are here to serve! Which brings us to our last point.

Members of student governing bodies are there to serve the students. Sure it is an educational experience, but it should be a professional one as well. Just think how much you could get done if you rechanneled all that childish energy into constructive pursuits. You complain that the administration doesn't take you seriously enough. Well it's no damn wonder.

Remember the special election? You know, the one held in October. The only thing memorable about it was the fact that out of about 24,000 students, only about 3,000 voted in

Merry Christmas!

Sacramento news

State capitol correspondents from the Sacramento Bee and Union will be on campus Dec. 15 at the forum: "The State Capitol Beat," to answer questions on reapportionment, and how to get a job in journalism.

The forum, co-sponsored by the SF

State chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, the Society of Professional Journalists and the California Symposium of State Government, is free to the general public and will be held from 12:30 to 2 p.m. in Student Union B-114.

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All too often, CSUC clericals are underpaid and under-valued. It's a problem we share with people in other jobs traditionally held by women, such as nurses and librarians. Employees in traditional "women's jobs" are paid less than employees in jobs traditionally held by men. And that's just not fair.

Throughout California, clerical employees have been getting together in AFSCME, the experienced, professional union for public employees. AFSCME has negotiated 15 contracts for clerical employees in California, including a contract that covers 4,000 clerical employees in the City of Los Angeles and provides pay increases averaging 12 percent-a-year.

Working together in AFSCME, clericals have devised a new idea for winning higher salaries and the respect and recognition we deserve. AFSCME clericals are winning salaries as high as other employees in jobs of "**comparable worth**".

Comparable worth means that clerical employees' salaries should be increased because of the skill, sensitivity, training, and just plain hard work that our jobs require.

AFSCME made history this year by negotiating a contract that puts **comparable worth** into the paychecks of clerical employees in the City of San Jose. The AFSCME contract guarantees these gains for 2,000 city employees:

- Pay increases of from **10% to 14%-a-year**.
- \$1.5 million for special salary increases to upgrade 62 job titles traditionally held by women. **More than 80% of all city employees are receiving "comparable worth" salary adjustments on top of their across-the-board pay increases.**

In San Jose, comparable worth means that there are secretaries earning salaries of \$22,048, records clerks earning \$21,476, and copy machine operators earning \$19,593.

CSUC Clerical and Administrative Support employees can share in the gains that other California clericals are winning with AFSCME. Vote for the AFSCME/CSU Clerical Union.



Vote AFSCME/CSU Clerical Union
'Because more of the same isn't good enough'

CIC volunteers units**Working and learning**

By Sam Stevens

In a sunlit room, six small children play noisily. One little boy bangs away on a xylophone, another rolls a large rubber ball across the room.

At a child-size table, a little girl pastes colorful magazine cutouts onto a sheet of red construction paper. Seated next to her is a young woman who guides the little girl's hands.

The scene could occur at any day care center. But this one is different. It is the children's division of the Recreation Center for the Handicapped, and here the children receive therapy for physical, mental and emotional disabilities.

The woman patiently helping the little girl is Maureen Geary, a member of the Center for Institutional Change at SF State and a volunteer at the Recreation Center.

Science students caught cheating

By Maureen McGee

Last week, Robert Errichello, a part-time engineering teacher, unhappily admitted that five of his Engineering 200 students were caught cheating.

The five students handed in identical lab reports, said Errichello. The reports, written on experiments performed in class, were copied and altered from prior year reports.

"I'm not a policeman," said Errichello, "but this is not ethical behavior."

Errichello said he had four options: give the students zero for the report, request that they withdraw from the class, give them each an "F" for the course or have them dismissed from the university.

The students were allowed to withdraw, which gives them a chance to repeat the course.

Immediate withdrawal, Errichello said, makes the point that cheating is "unethical, unprofessional and unacceptable."

Errichello said he did not report the cheating episode to the university because it could make the department look bad. And, he said, "I feel partly to blame because I demand a lot of work from the students."

Errichello said, "I did report it (cheating) to the dean," and he said if the story is published it will look bad. After seeing a rough draft, Errichello asked that this story not be published. He talked with other professors, Errichello added, who said they agreed the usual procedure was to handle it on an informal basis instead of following the formal procedure.

The discovery of the bogus reports in Engineering 200 was reported to the Phoenix anonymously by a student in the class.

James Cheng, president of the Engineering Society, said he would like to see a faculty and student grievance board formed to create an awareness of cheating and to deal with it.

"It's in the works," said Cheng, who has drafted a proposal and discussed the idea with Dr. Mamoud Abo-El-Ath, the associate dean.

A grievance board will make the students aware of the cheating problem on a democratic level," said Cheng.

"No one on the faculty knows about the proposed board yet," Cheng said, "but the associate dean gave a positive reaction."

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Geary has been a CIC member for almost a year. She is one of 150 students who participate in CIC, a program based on reciprocal learning, sharing and teaching.

CIC, located in room 238 of the Psychology Building, offers students from four to seven units per semester for academic work, field work and personal involvement in the community.

"CIC gives students the opportunity to apply what they learn in the classroom by actively doing something for the community," said Jeff Abell, CIC office coordinator.

The program offers students the opportunity to assume more responsibility and teaches them leadership skills, Abell said.

To earn four units requires at least eight hours of volunteer work a week at

a community agency, such as the Recreation Center for the Handicapped, the Women's Need Center and the Patients' Rights Advocacy Service, among others. In addition, students must attend a weekly two-hour support group seminar and keep a journal.

An extra three units are offered for an optional peer counseling class. The CIC peer counseling class deals with basic communication skills for volunteers, said Abell, and is not associated with the peer counseling that is offered by Student Services.

While most CIC members are psychology majors, anyone can participate in the program. Geary, a sophomore, is an undeclared major.

"People have different reasons for going through CIC," said Geary. "Some just want the credits. Some do it for their majors. And some do it just to help other people."

Geary joined CIC because a class she wanted to take was canceled and she needed the credits. But she has stayed two semesters and said she has gained self-confidence, valuable experience and fulfillment.

"CIC is so different," she said. "It's not just sitting in a classroom listening to a lecture. What you learn here you carry with you throughout your life because you learn to deal with people. You learn through experience."

Laura Carroll, a senior majoring in communicative disorders, joined CIC this semester. She also works at the Recreation Center.

While her involvement with CIC helps with her major, Carroll has received other benefits. "I've made friends here

and I feel good about my work. I love working with the children."

"I get two things out of working with CIC," said Geary. "I have the experience of working with the children and the benefit of the CIC support group."

In the support group students evaluate each other. "You learn a lot about yourself because the focus is on you. People tell you how they perceive you. And at CIC, the people are really supportive. There is always someone to help you."

And students are not the only ones to benefit from CIC involvement.



Phoenix photo Tom Levy

Maureen Geary sits with the sleeping "Polliwogs," seven children between the ages of 1 and 3.

doing. They really make an effort."

Miller lauded CIC's screening of volunteers, its support groups and its student supervisors.

Geary supervises the six volunteers at the Recreation Center for the Handicapped. She directs the support group seminars and acts as a liaison between the students, the staff at the center and the staff at CIC.

Miller said most of her recruitment for volunteers is done on campus. "CIC works for change in the community and it's always a positive change," she said. "And CIC offers students the opportunity to grow and develop skills."

"It's a terrific program. All the students really care about what they're

You told her you have your own place. Now you have to tell your roommates.



Löwenbräu. Here's to good friends.

© 1981 Beer brewed in U.S.A. by Miller Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

You've been trying to get to know her better since the beginning of the term. And when she mentioned how hard it is to study in the dorm, you said, "My place is nice and quiet. Come over and study with me."

Your roommates weren't very happy about it. But after a little persuading they decided the double feature at the Bijou might be worth seeing.

They're pretty special friends. And they deserve a special "Thanks." So, tonight, let it be Löwenbräu.





photo: Tom Levy

and 3.

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S.

Bye, kids!

O.K., you asked for it. The guy puckering in foreground: Toru Kawana, photographer; good-lookin' fella at his side: Tom Levy, Photo editor; woman at typewriter: Ann Senuita, reporter; seated on desk: Patrick May, Managing editor, embracing Lisa Swinarski, News editor; to her right: Paula Abend, Features editor, Julie Johnson, Ad director, and Linda Aube, reporter; those two hunks behind Linda are Glenn Nethercut and Richard Brucker, both reporters; behind Richard, half asleep, is Carla Schoof, Asst. copy editor and, leaning against her, Dave Rapp, Copy editor; to his left we have just a glimpse of Alexandra Provence, reporter; the blond, why that's reporter Kerry Hamill; behind her, with cap, Jeff Glorfeld, Centerfold editor and, to his right in the back, Jules Crittenden, reporter; towering above them both is Adriana Dechi, reporter, her shadow falling on illustrator Scott Nickel; to his left, Asst. city editor Karen Argonza and, standing over her shoulders, Arts editor, S.F. Yee; to his left are reporters Andy Behr and Charlotte Clark; last, but not least, City editor Michael McCall standing, and smiling, behind Patrick, who's kissing Swinarski . . . oh, yeah, we already got that part, didn't we . . . ?

Faculty

Continued from page 1.

tion with the AFL-CIO causing a conflict; it sees the connection as a way of attaining more leverage.

The UPC has made an issue of the CFA's desire to split full and part-time faculty. Putting both groups in one unit, which the UPC supports, gives faculty more leverage, the UPC says.

Despite these well-publicized differences, a random sampling of faculty

at SF State showed that many instructors remain confused. Those who aren't confused seem to be basing their votes on such abstract reasons as "style" and "personality."

What most instructors complain about is the lack of commitment by either union to describe specifically what they will bargain for.

Part of the problem is that no one

knows what effect collective bargaining will have or what the subtleties of each union will mean.

What the unions have done is try to show what they won't do.

"Our aim is to minimize disruption," says Bill Crist, CFA state president. "We don't want to build a union power — we want to improve the (CSUC) system."

Crist emphasizes that the CFA will have a "cooperative adversarial relationship" with the administration. "This is not a 'we have nothing to lose but our chains' situation. We have no chains to lose."

The UPC, previously thought to be more militant, has similar views.

Responding to a recent article in the Los Angeles Times, UPC State Presi-

dent Stewart Long seemed to emphasize the status quo.

"I think the adversarial relationship (between faculty and administration) has been overplayed," Long says. When asked what the UPC was hoping to gain through bargaining, Long would only say the UPC wanted to "raise the level of professionalism for all employees," emphasizing more than once that his

union would maintain a "collegial" relationship with the administration.

Faced with such cautious statements, instructors have been basing their decisions on intuition.

Richard Hoffman, an associate professor of history, says he is voting for the UPC but admits he finds the situation comical.

Trade rides at Union



NEED A RIDE? OR A TRAVELING companion? Cross-country travelers searching for a ride, or someone to share their car and expenses at Christmas, may find an inexpensive way home at the Long Distance Ride Board in the basement of the Student Union.

Across from the north stairway, a giant map of North America is divided into 13 sections and pinned to the wall. Underneath the map are two sets of hooks: one labeled "Rides," the other "Riders."

Prospective voyagers can write their names, phone number, destination and date of departure on cards available on extra hooks.

Those in need of a ride should fill out a pink card labeled "Ride Wanted" and hang it on the appropriate hook marked with the number for the area of their destination.

Those looking for someone to share the cost of gas should fill out a yellow card stamped "Ride Offered" and hang it in the "Riders" section.

Students without vehicles greatly outnumber those with them, yet new cards appear daily. The perfect ride might be waiting.

Exotic travel offers do occasionally materialize. One Frenchman advertised recently for a companion to Guatemala. Another card suggested sailing to New Zealand.

So, whether you're headed all the way to Auckland, or merely to Oakland, *bon voyage!*

Phoenix clarifications

In a Dec. 3 Phoenix article "Parking problems on the upsurge," we'd like to clarify the following items:

- parking in the main parking lot costs 50 cents per entry, not per day.
- faculty and staff have 11 parking lots, not 12.
- parking in Lot 1, 4, 6 and 7 are not free after 5 p.m., but cost 50 cents.

* * *

Finally, our Centerfold editor apologizes for misnaming Dez Cadena as frontman for Black Flag. Henry Rollins is the man pictured in last week's Centerfold.

Phoenix on Viacom

Phoenix contributes stories to an electronic newspaper produced by the SF State Journalism Department in cooperation with the Audio Visual/ITV Center. The magazine airs at the beginning of each hour on Viacom Cablevision's channel 35 and on the campus cable system.

Einstein

Continued from page 8.

they have depended so strongly on the group to make decisions, ex-members need time to adjust to normal living. Family counseling often follows a deprogramming.

Einstein says she has experienced mild harassment by the Moonies, but they have not threatened her. "My apartment has been watched. They do have a goon squad, trained in unarmed combat."

When Einstein finishes a deprogramming she takes a few days off. It is emotionally draining work that leaves her exhausted, but satisfied.

"It feels good to see someone get their mind back. It's euphoric," she said. She often keeps in touch with the people she has worked with. "Many times they are far more strong than before their cult experience. Being a Moonie kills laziness; they are very productive."

Despite the harsh words the Moonies have for her, Einstein feels certain that what she is doing is right. "Morally and ethically it is very useful social work," she says.

Her telephone rings. Einstein lights another cigarette and listens to a distraught woman tell her about the problems she is having with her daughter who is a Jehovah's Witness.

"I don't know, I've never worked with a Jehovah's Witness before," she says into the receiver. "Get an ex-member from a fundamentalist cult. They know the Bible inside and out," she suggests.

She hangs up the phone. "I don't work with just anyone," she says smiling. "You can't deprogram someone who hasn't been brainwashed. You can only rebrainwash them."

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Arts

Jazz swings in the city

By Larry Deblinger

It felt like the whole club was about to take off on the thundering rhythms of three drummers in a drum battle led by Babatunde, grinning through the sweat pouring down his face. His hands were flying over the conga drums as the players behind him churned away on the trap sets; their sticks flashing in the smoky red and blue stage lights, creating a wall of sound which absorbed the overflowing crowd of people talking, laughing, drinking or just being mesmerized.

On Sunday night, Nov. 15, jazz was alive and well in San Francisco.

The event, at Bajone's jazz bar at 1062 Valencia St., was an eight-hour benefit concert for jazz piano player Ed Kelley whose wife, Willa Faye, had died a week earlier.

Bajone's, which seats about 100 people, was packed with almost 500 jazz fans who came to hear 40 Bay Area musicians including Bishop Norman Williams, John Handy, Laura Antonelli, David Ginsberg, Marvin Holmes and Jules Brouard.

The concert was another indication that the community of jazz musicians, club owners and media people in the Bay Area are finally pulling together as a family.

The San Francisco jazz scene in recent years has been as erratic as a Thelonious Monk piano solo. Last summer five jazz clubs folded: The Jazz Palace, Peta's, The Sea Witch, Lambo's and Cadell Place. But the KJAZ radio station's International Jazz Festival in October was the first event of its kind in the city and it revealed a vital and expanding interest in jazz.

Anchored by the one top-flight jazz club in the city, Keystone Korner, and a small nucleus of big-name musicians who live in the Bay Area — Stan Getz, Pharoah Sanders, Joe Henderson, John Handy and Earl "Fatha" Hines — jazz in San Francisco has a pretty good reputation.

For the great bulk of unrecorded, unestablished musicians here, though, life is a struggle.

"There's a lot of groups playing, but nobody's making much money," said tenor saxophonist Kent Cohea, who talked about a Catch-22 on the road to success.

"The jazz community is like any other art community — it's snobbish. There's a caste system where, in order to get a recording, you have to get into the top clique and in order to get into that clique you have to get a recording," Cohea explained.

With only two major jazz record companies in the Bay Area (Theresa Records and Fantasy Records), musicians are almost wholly dependent on club dates and special concerts to make a living.

John Bajone started showcasing at his club two-and-a-half years ago. A former card shark and pool hustler who happens to love jazz, Bajone has lent his keen business sense to the process of promoting jazz at his club and around the city.

"Too many musicians lack business sense. All they want to do is play and be artists and they lead a very humble existence on \$100 a week," said Bajone, who has been familiar with the plight of musicians since the late '60s when he managed a few groups.

"San Francisco is the worst-paying town in California for musicians," he said. "Back in '68-'69 the pay would be \$20 a night per man at clubs. Now it's \$30 to \$40. My wage of \$40 is the highest club rate for jazz in this city," Bajone added.



E. W. Wainwright plays every Tuesday night at Bajones.

The unprofessional attitude of many musicians who will play for next to nothing has made it harder for the rest to negotiate a decent wage, according to Bajone. He says the owners of the five clubs that failed insisted on paying such low wages that they could only get the least professional musicians and the people stopped coming.

"The customers are not stupid," he said. "There are a lot of mediocre musicians around who don't practice enough and when they get up there on stage it's like they're just rehearsing. The customers won't go for that anymore."

With an increasingly sophisticated and demanding audience to face, Bajone and the 35 musicians he employs for his schedule of jazz seven nights a week have worked out what appears to be a successful formula for good jazz by varying Latin, funk and bebop styles. They are now working on a financial support system for musicians.

Bajone and a group of about 20 jazz musicians have started a musicians' investment fund. With membership fees of \$5 and weekly dues of \$1, the group plans to sit on the money for six months in hopes that an expanding membership will contribute to a fund big enough to be used for concert promotion, loans for emergencies, PA systems and miscellaneous equipment. The group holds weekly meetings at Bajone's and will review membership applications on a selective basis according to the musician's sense of commitment and professionalism.

"It's time we started supporting each other instead of undercutting each other," said drummer E.W. Wainwright at a recent meeting. Kent Cohea would second that statement.

"Certain cliques and certain cats get along but in general I think the situation is horrendous," he said. "Cats are late to rehearsals, late to gigs — they'll screw you. Jobs are so tight in San Francisco that nobody really wants to help each other."

Right now there are only two full-time jazz clubs in San Francisco which feature unestablished musicians: Bajone's and Heaven's Gate on Haight Street. The problem is complicated by the fact that many musicians are not prepared to take advantage of what few opportunities there are.

"A lot of guys are just too laid back," said alto saxophonist Bishop Norman Williams who has been a mainstay in San Francisco jazz for 20 years. "Maybe the weather's too good. It seems like they just get lazy."

"I play like an Easterner myself — I bear down," added Williams.

"What kills me about this town is that everything is art," said Cohea. "You see



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The same old McDonald

By Phil Reser

In 1970, Country Joe McDonald was banned from every municipal hall in the country for doing his famous fuck cheer. McDonald began each of his concerts by leading the crowd in an anti-establishment shout F-U-C-K.

A decade and a half has passed since he and his group, the Fish, helped usher in the Vietnam Anti-War-Flower-Psychedelic music and ideology of the '60s.

Today, the 38-year-old Berkeley resident is still producing and performing rock and folk music with social and political meaning.

Having been blacklisted in the United States, he has spent the last 10 years playing and recording his work in foreign countries such as Finland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Scotland, Germany, Australia, Thailand and Japan.

The world hasn't changed much and Country Joe still sees himself as a responsible musician dealing with important issues.

PHOENIX: We don't hear too much about you lately, except an occasional small club performance. What is happening with your records and music?

McDONALD: I just reactivated my old record label, Ragbaby Records, which has 10 artists marketed through an international deal. My last three records are available on the label. The first is rock and roll contemporary style; the second, a solo acoustic guitar recording that I did in Germany called, "On My Own" and the third is a new double album which has some new things on it but a lot from the past also.

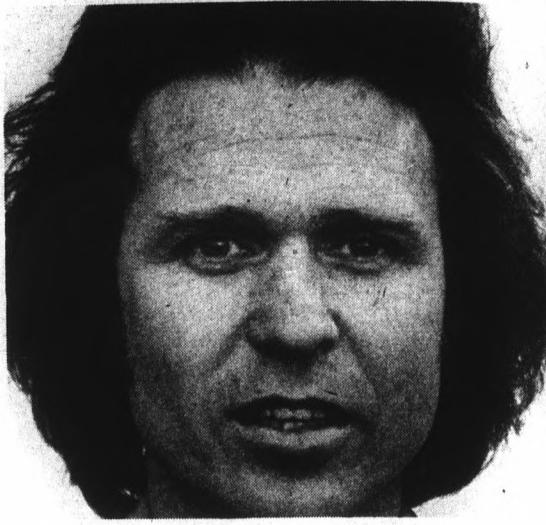
PHOENIX: Why haven't you played in the States very much in the last few years?

McDONALD: I don't play in the U.S. that much now because I got kind of blacklisted over the years. There's reason to believe that Nixon, LBJ and J. Edgar Hoover sent out the word on lots of us. Actually, a lot of people, we were also harassed by the IRS over the years. It's pretty calm right now but still there's an amazing lack of my music on radio or television. Certain situations point to this, like all of the Vietnam films over the past five or six years. We were in touch with all of the people who put these together but they didn't use any of my music. In a way this has all been a blessing because I developed quite a big following overseas and as a result spent a lot of time in the past ten years performing in many countries. This gave me a good global perspective of what's going on in different places.

PHOENIX: What are your immediate projects?

McDONALD: I'm talking with Jann Wenner with Rolling Stone about doing some kind of a major written piece for them on the Vietnam experience, reevaluating it and making the history available for those people who might be interested in it. Also, I've been working a lot with Vietnam vets and musically have been writing many Vietnam war, survivor and foreign policy-type songs.

I'm working on a collection of poems right now that



cover my active Navy duty from 1959 to 1962. Recollections and memories which I call "540-788," which was my service number that I've never forgotten.

It (Vietnam) is unbelievable and all I want is to get this information about the war to all the good citizens who paid for it. It cost an enormous amount of money, lives and pain and we're getting ready for another one so they should be aware of all this.

PHOENIX: What will your new band be like?

McDONALD: I want this new band to reflect a certain thing. I'm getting real selective about who the people are, what they look like and where they come from because I think they'll make a statement in the way they look. It's got to have a certain racial and sexual mixture and certainly should have a vet or two in it. But first I've got to come out of that place of wanting to be alone — just me and my guitar — to another place of organization and all of its good and bad points.

PHOENIX: What about the future?

McDONALD: I definitely have a function as Country Joe which is very satisfying musically, politically and socially. But lately I'm moving into more of a political thing and less musical. I still use the music but something new is happening. I mean, I wouldn't ever have attempted to write a major article before, but now I'm working on a history of American music and this Vietnam piece.

I also want to do some video. I'm convinced the future will not just be an audio disc; you will buy a visual and audio experience. An artist won't just put out a collection of songs; it will be a little film and songs at the same time. That's what I really want to do. Put some of my political and social lyrics into a visual context that will be really powerful.

Yes, we have no Beatles: Music from 1981

—D. Robert Foster
(Ex-Phoenix arts editor)

Lene Lovich/"New Toy"
Grover Washington, Jr./"Winelight"

With the last hint of disco glitter gone, Grace Jones proved that she has more than one note, or one song — "Pull Up to the Bumper," was the best thing to dance to since 1977.

—R.C. Morgan-Wilde
(Phoenix reporter and librarian)

Rick James/"Street Songs"

Manhattan Transfer/"Mecca For Moderns"

Neville Brothers/"Fiyon on the Bayou"

Rolling Stones/"Tattoo You"

Romeo Void/"It's a Condition"

Unarguably, the talent is there and it's likely that Rick James will soon be making that "Paul McCartney white boy money" that he says he would like to

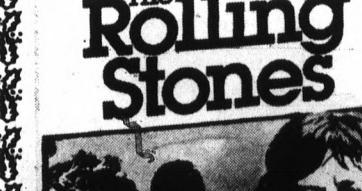
"Fiyon on the Bayou" happens to be Rolling Stone Keith Richards' favorite record of the year. And since what he likes, I also like (musically, of course), this LP kicks-ass in a dynamic way. Brimming with that rich New Orleans soul sound, the Neville Brothers put in exhilarating vocal performances on such standards as "The Ten Commandments of Love," "Mona Lisa" and hey, everything else on the record.

Romeo Void's debut LP has a sensuous sound to it. The total effect is powerful, and the band means it. Speaking of which, "Fire of Unknown Origin" by Blue Oyster Cult, also means it.

—S.F. Yee
(Phoenix arts editor)

GENERAL BOOK DEPARTMENT

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Published to coincide with their 12-week U.S. tour (probably their last) — the definitive book on the Stones. Dalton, a recognized authority on the band who has followed them since they started, draws on his encyclopedic files of world-wide press coverage, interviews, his own writings and specially commissioned articles for this living history. 150,000 words of the best, most pungent material ever produced by and for, and against the Stones and their music. The book is 198 pages, record-album size, with hundreds of illustrations throughout (color every 2nd spread); two special 16-page inserts on newsprint stock; 6-page gatefold for blueprint of Keith Richards' custom-built guitar; full sessionography of all Stones' work in recording studios.

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Kathy Ellis with her rock 'n' roll students.

Boot camp basics for rock 'n' rollers

By Anne Fisher

"Hit the road, Jack, and don't you come back no more." Five women stand with angry expressions on their faces.

"Now, baby — listen, baby, don't you treat me this way," comes the reply from a line of six pleading men.

It's not a group divorce, but Kathy Ellis' rock 'n' roll voice class students putting feeling into their lyrics.

Ellis began teaching the voice class in late September. She teaches from 12 to 2 p.m. on Saturdays at the Hyde Street Studio in San Francisco. The 10-week session costs \$150.

She started the class because she couldn't find a good teacher when she decided on a singing career, Ellis said.

She studied classical guitar for 10 years and graduated as a music major from UC Berkeley in 1970. She says she was disappointed with most of her teachers because they did not build her confidence. When she realized that "one-tenth of 1 percent could make it in classical guitar," Ellis took up singing in 1976.

"By 1980, I was 32 years old and realized I was too old for a singing career," she said.

So, Ellis bought advertising space in B.A.M. Magazine and taught private lessons. She attracted enough singers to start a class.

"You're the meanest old woman I ever did see," one male student says.

"Tell me that," says Ellis, standing with her hands on her hips. The student repeats it.

"You're not telling me," she replies. He takes a step forward, narrows his eyes and shouts in her face, "You're the meanest old woman I ever did see."

"That's it," a satisfied Ellis walks back to the piano.

"Anyone can sing," said Ellis. "If you can talk, you can sing." She said she first assesses a student for self-confidence and health. This is where she starts building.

"Most people are not strong enough to sing. Rock 'n' roll is the most rigorous kind of singing. I'm emphatic about developing the upper torso." She demands that her students lift weights and run regularly to expand the chest muscles and build up wind.

The classes begin with strong technical guidance. She first teaches the physical aspects of singing, such as breathing, the shape of the mouth and ranges of volume and pitch.

Then the class studies specific hit songs. The students in her current session have studied Bob Seger's "Still the Same," Willie Nelson's "Crazy," and of course, Ray Charles' "Hit the Road Jack."

One of the advantages of her class, Ellis said, is that it is taught in a professional environment — the studio. She rents a studio and an engineer each week for her class. The students' performances are often tape-recorded and played back to them.

Ellis said she hopes to build the class into a business the "powers that be" in the recording industry will look to for

potential singers and songs. She now has 12 students. This course and an added advanced class will be offered in January.

Since many of her students are in bands and have dreams of rock stardom, Ellis tells her classes about all the aspects of show business.

While studying guitar, Ellis waitressed at many San Francisco nightclubs, she said. While working, she saw headlining acts such as George Thorogood, the Clash and Emmylou Harris. She became friends with a sound engineer and sat backstage for many performances.

"When you work around live music, you realize what it's all about, and it's a separate world from classical music," she said.

She saw a lot of hard drugs being used backstage, and that's something she won't tolerate from her students.

"I can't build talent and have it torn down at the same time," she said.

Ellis stresses to her students the importance of visual appearance. She tells them they have to look like singers or no one will respect them as singers.

"Today, I'm teaching by example," said Ellis. "I usually wear jeans and a T-shirt to class, but because the media was coming, I went out and bought this nice outfit yesterday. The business is show business, and I'm showcasing."

"I don't lead my students down the garden path," said Ellis. "I tell them awful stories about the industry, because I want them to be prepared. I always tell them, 'I sell singing lessons, not destiny.' I never promise them stardom."

Flashy ride on the 'Seesaw'

By Linda Aube

A dazzling collage of Broadway flash-and-dash, "Seesaw" opened Thursday night at McKenna Theatre. This is a musical with a difference. It has a substantial plot, a sense of humor and enough character development for a drama.

Love and life are precariously balanced in this Manhattan love story about dancer Gittel Mosca (Caylia Chaiken), an unlucky-in-love "hot-blooded biblical broad," and Nebraskan WASP not-quite-divorced lawyer Jerry Ryan (Patrick Gallagher).

This Theater Arts Department production features a full orchestra; inspired lighting and sets and show-stopping costumes. And, the dancing is spectacular. Director-choreographer Jorge Cano brought in the department's best talents and designed dance routines around them which they execute with professional flair not often found in student production.

The prologue, set against a New York City skyline, features the entire chorus with Steven Haught and Paul Thompson on a real seesaw, singing the show's theme. But, that's just the beginning. There's also dancing on a

ladder, tap-dancing to a recitation of the New York State Statutes and a dancing hospital bed.

The glittering top-hat production number, "It's Not Where You Start, It's Where You Finish," features multi-talented dancer-actor Michael Wolford as David, the gay dance choreographer and Gittel's best friend.

But, the only thing more exciting than the dancing is Bill Brewer's costumes, a collection of hot colors, sequins and spangles — featuring enough bare skin to keep anyone's interest. The hooker costumes are show-stoppers. One hooker wears a red sequined G-string, pasties and leg warmers. For the punk group, there is a motorcycle-helmeted hooker with spikes protruding from her bra and handcuffs hanging from her garter belt.

In the Orchid Club sequence, rock stars Bob and the Rockettes burst in clad from head to toe in lavender — including their hair. And, Bob, wearing his dark glasses, lavender sequined jock strap, chest straps, fringe and boots, is sensational in his "Faster Your Seatbelt, Ride Out the Storm" song-dance routine.

Snappy updating of the script provides fresh chuckles. There's a

delightful interchange between Gittel and a Japanese waitress, played with comic skill by Cyndy Fujikawa, and a too brief appearance by Louise Lin-gas as Gittel's hospital roommate.

Gittel, whose name means "things fall apart" in Yiddish, is lovable but not too smart as is seen in one of her first conversations with Jerry.

"What brings you to New York?" she asks him. "I wanted to take a bite of the Big Apple," Jerry replies. "What?" she asks. "You came here to eat fruit?"

Gittel's relationship with David is realistically and humorously portrayed as is her romance with Jerry. Chaiken, in her first leading role, is a serious actress and singer. Her love scenes with Gallagher almost sizzle. Gallagher has a wonderful, strong voice but his acting seems stiff which just proves that even a seasoned performer can be done in by nerves.

Overall, "Seesaw" is an exciting production well worth the \$4 or \$5 ticket price. If it were a professional production it would cost four times as much and not be much better.

"Seesaw" is playing at the McKenna Theatre, Dec. 11 and 12 at 8 p.m.

For ticket information, phone the box office at 469-2467.

'Absence of Malice'

No mercy for the Press

By Alexandra Provence

The power of the press and its responsibility to truthful reporting are the subjects explored in "Absence of Malice," although the constant harping on these and other problems tends toward overkill and taints the otherwise realistic and intriguing film.

The story is the intricate sequence of events that leads an overzealous reporter, played by Sally Field, into inadvertently helping a government investigator frame an innocent liquor importer, portrayed skillfully by Paul Newman. As a sidelight to this, Field and Newman have a brief affair which has more downs than ups.

The movie asks many questions about the press. It ponders the difference between accuracy and truth. It asks how responsible the press is for presenting the entire truth, and how responsible the readers should be in discerning what has been omitted.

Director Sydney Pollack also presents the problem of the press creating news, and asks how valid that type of story is. He delves, too, into the relationship between reporters and their subjects and how that affects what is printed.

As is the case with many movies these days, "Absence of Malice" offers few answers to the profound questions it asks. Once, her editor tells Field that if they questioned the motivation for every news leak, they would publish monthly instead of daily. An underlying theme of reporters' personal responsibility to the truth and the consequences of the stories



is also present but understated in comparison to the film's ceaseless criticism.

Field is perfect as the obsessed reporter from the Miami Standard. Her characterization of Megan Carter begins as slightly sympathetic, but evolves into a woman who's so intent on getting the story that she's on the job 24 hours a day, even in her love affair with Newman.

After awhile, though, her character becomes a little hard to believe. No one, no matter how devoted she is, is going to put her credibility on the line just to get what she hopes to be the true story.

As Gallagher, the son of a bootlegger who is himself a legitimate liquor importer, Newman is wonderful and believable in his distinctive, slightly-

macho-yet-sensitive way. The supporting cast is also good, especially Melinda Dillon as Gallagher's friend Teresa, and Bob Balaban as Rosen, the fanatical head of the strike force.

Unfortunately, the point of the movie is somewhat unclear. Instead of pointing out a problem that is inherent in a free press, the film accuses the press of being irresponsible and unfeeling. It also fails to present Megan Carter as an exception, but rather as a typical metropolitan reporter.

After awhile, though, her character becomes a little hard to believe. No one, no matter how devoted she is, is going to put her credibility on the line just to get what she hopes to be the true story.

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Drama under lock and key

By Anne Dawid

"Tattoo the Wicked Cross," a caustic yet sensitive novel of a boy's odyssey through a Northern California prison farm, relentlessly disturbs and provokes its reader, but the distress is ultimately worthwhile.

Floyd Salas, who has a master's degree in creative writing from SF State, was fortunate to have his first novel, published in 1967 by Grove Press, republished this year by Second Chance Press.

The novel examines several boys and young men in various stages of their criminal careers, focusing on 15-year-old Aaron D'Arion, a skinny Pachucos kid bent on countering his physical puniness with a mean macho pride — a facade that is transparent to the reader.

Aaron had been arrested five times previously for fighting, and he spent two months in a detention home before arriving at The Golden Gate Institute of Industry and Reform.

Evil manifests itself at the institute in the Buzzer and his venomous partner Rattler, a pair of sadistic bullies who terrorize the smaller, weaker inmates with gang rape and the fear of stigmatization.

Rattler's distinctive mark is a cross tattooed on his forehead.

Their victims include Barneyway,

Aaron's best friend since childhood.

Aaron's initial desire is to avenge his friend's shame and resignation to

brutality. Barneyway has submitted to his fate and suffers quietly, waiting for his release.

Life at 15 is confusing enough just coping with the physical and emotional transition to adulthood, but for Aaron in the prison farm, his body and, equally important, his reputation, face the constant threat of damage and ruination.

Floyd Salas spent 100 days in a Santa Rita prison camp when he was 20 for spitting in a cab driver's face. That experience, and other tales of the horrors of the juvenile criminal system heard from the young inmates themselves, prompted him to write his first novel, "Tattoo the Wicked Cross."

"It sprang sort of autobiographical," said the 50-year-old, Colorado-born author in a recent telephone interview. The book's main villain, the Buzzer, was drawn from a similar character with gold teeth, Salas remembers, who followed him around on his first day at the prison camp.

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Rattler's distinctive mark is a cross tattooed on his forehead.

Although the time period of his novel dates back to the 1950s, Salas believes nothing has changed in the correctional system.

Author Salas knows his subject. He spent time on the streets, in a juvenile

detention home and in a county jail farm. He fought his way to a boxing scholarship at UC Berkeley and won two literary awards for "Tattoo the Wicked Cross."

Salas' skill at description bespeaks an extraordinarily observing mind and eye, and demonstrates a willingness to take risks with language.

In the interim, Salas was involved with the founding of the poet-teacher Writer's Workshop at Folsom State Prison in 1971.

"There was first-rate stuff there — the cream of the crop — and no other outlet (for it), with nothing but time," he said.

"They started out like grade school students, and after a year or two it was like teaching grad students."

Unfortunately, said Salas, "Usually when they leave prison they don't write anymore, because they have to make room in their lives for it."

After two years volunteering at Folsom, Salas became the director of the Poetry In The Schools project and has since taught at Peralta College in Berkeley, where he lives, and now teaches a novel writing class once a week at Foothill College in Los Altos. He taught at SF State in 1966 and 1967.

He says his students are "a group of gifted people." The talent, he explained, is not at all lacking. "It's a matter of commitment and development — but more commitment than anything else."

Found: Japanese home cooking

By Toru Kawana

I've been to many Japanese restaurants in San Francisco, but was never satisfied with any of them. They lacked the nice atmosphere, good food and reasonable prices that I finally found at the Kushitsuru restaurant located on 1737 Post St. in Japan Center.

Kushitsuru has those three essential elements that make a successful restaurant. The atmosphere of Kushitsuru is fantastic, and even better is the very tasteful Japanese dishes that are served for reasonable prices.

After one glance at the inside of this restaurant I felt I had returned to Japan.

I listened to my waitress explain the various entrees in detail, then ordered the Kushitsuru combination dinner. The meal with Miso soup (soy bean soup) which had tofu and chopped vegetables.

As soon as I finished my soup, all the other dishes came. They were Sashimi, vegetables boiled in a thin soy sauce soup, pickled vegetables, broiled fish, and rice. The dinner was topped off with tea from Japan which had a nice aroma and flavor.

Considering the quantity and quality of the food and service, the price was not expensive at all. Each

dish I had was excellent and the boiled vegetables were so tasty that I was reminded of my mother's cooking in Japan.

I consider Kushitsuru the best Japanese restaurant in San Francisco.

because of the pleasant atmosphere and the delicious food for a reasonable price. Not only Americans but Japanese can enjoy themselves at the Kushitsuru restaurant.

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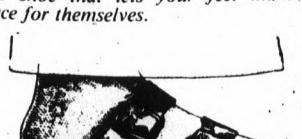
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Tracking down a gambling junkie

By Lynn Foster

"Every night before I go to sleep, I find a ticket, win the lottery; Every night before I rest my head, I see dollar bills go swirlin' round my head."

—Patti Smith

Fantasies of winning large sums of crisp cash are what the racetrack business is built around. No trainer or jockey is indispensable to horseracing as the people willing to gamble a few hard-earned bucks on the chance to win big.

When they lose, their money is swallowed up by the faceless racetrack money machine. But if they win, chances are they'll buy a round of beers for their friends and bet again.

After all, nobody really knows if the horses care whether they win or lose. But that certain feeling achieved by beating the odds and winning the dough attracts people to the racetrack like flies to National Velvet's back end.

On any afternoon, Tuesday through Saturday, up to 18,000 people swarm to Bay Meadows Racetrack in San Mateo.

A 70-year-old retired merchant marine who calls himself C.C. is one of the many who take the train from the city down to the track almost every day.

Five-foot-six in his black betting shoes, this slight man with greying temples and small brown eyes has spent his life racing from track to track.

When C.C. was 19, he jumped over the fence of a Long Island racetrack, won \$12 and hasn't stopped betting since.

After he left the merchant marines in the '50s, he went back to New York and made daily trips to Belmont and Aqueduct, the Disneylands for American horserace enthusiasts.

"I was at the tracks every day till 3 a.m. But every Monday morning I was at the pawn shop.

"Between races at Belmont, we used to put \$100 in the pod and see which one of the guys out cleaning up the track would reach the finish line first."

When he moved to California, his new career as a bookie ended as quickly as a half-mile horserace.

"Eight years ago, a guy gave me \$800 to put on a horse. I sat on the money and the horse won. I took the first plane

back East. I didn't want to be wearing a wooden overcoat."

C.C. doesn't take as many risks anymore. At the track, he keeps his bets down to \$10 a shot and spends hours studying the racing form.

Surrounded by anxious ticketholders jumping out of their seats and yelling at the horses during a race, C.C. silently peers between the shoulders of the large men in front of him. When the race is over, he takes his racing form and felt pen from under his red windbreaker, and goes over the statistics on the horses in the next race.

His face, lined and ruddy like the track in front of him, wrinkles up even more in concentration. He scrutinizes the tiny column of track records, breeding information and betting odds that read like spy codes to the unknowing beginner.

Biting nervously on his thin lower lip, he marks up the form with his red pen and circles the name of a horse called Pizone.

"Not looking at the racing form is like somebody playing the stock market and not buying the Wall Street Journal," he says. But C.C. is not above playing hun-

ches or making wild guesses.

"Just look at the horses, let your mind go and pick one," he tells a timid gambler next to him.

"You have to be a little dingy to be here," he says with that cackle. "But the more you get, the more you want. I'd be driving a Cadillac if I was still coming out on top."

C.C.'s love for gambling comes shining through his time-worn eyes every time he tells a story about his life at the track. And he has plenty to tell.

Like the time a man sitting next to him bought a horse for \$8,000 right before a race and it dropped dead in the middle of the track.

"He had to pay \$50 to have it hauled off the track. I told him to make Alpo out of it. He was so mad he almost hit me."

One time in New York, C.C. put \$40 on a horse that came in second. He threw the ticket under a tree outside the racetrack's gates. When he got home he heard the horse had been declared the winner.

"I came back out the next day and there was the ticket sitting right next to that tree. I cashed it in for a couple hun-



dred dollars and started betting."

As the sixth race of the day begins, Pizone immediately takes a position up front.

"That horse likes to jump right out there and leave all the other billygoats behind," C.C. says staring at the pack of horses making the turn.

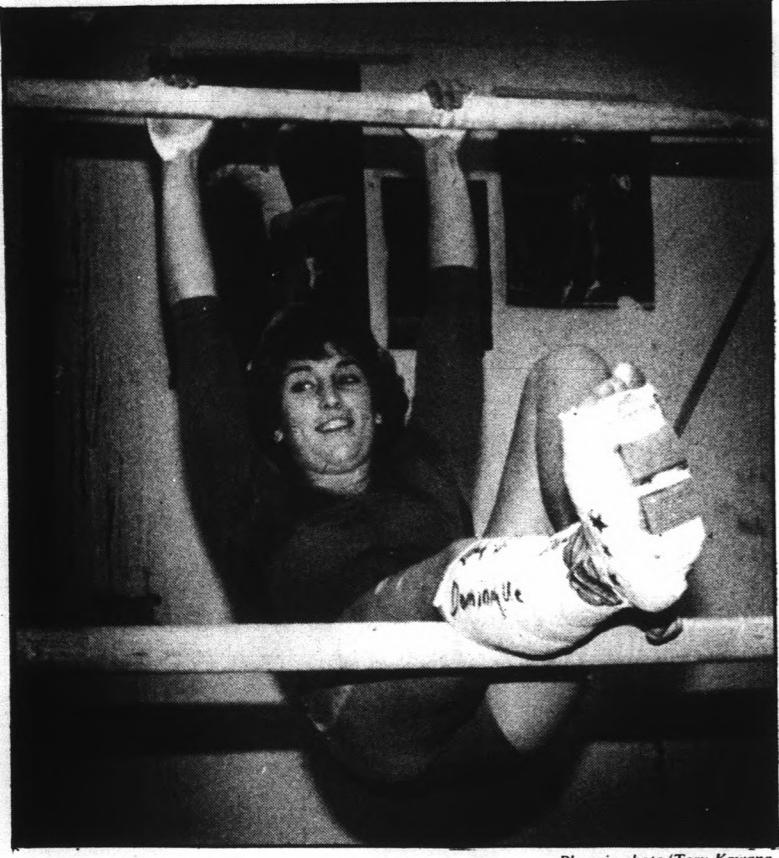
As his companions clutch their fists and stand up with the excited crowd, C.C. sits calmly and watches Pizone cross the finish line first.

"I used to smoke a lot of grass to keep

calm. But now if I get tense I just sit in the stands and watch the seagulls," he says.

He walks with a slight limp and his shoulders hunched up an inch or so. Because of problems with his hip bones, he has had plastic tubes implanted in both hips.

"I had that done at the Mayo Clinic," he says rather proudly. "God almighty, you know what they do to horses with bad legs, don't you?"



Phoenix photo/Toru Kawana

Darcy Heath continues to practice despite the cast on her right foot.

She won't take no for an answer

By Donna Cooper

Darcy Heath is probably the most persevering gymnast in the state.

The 21-year-old member of the SF State gymnastics team injured her right foot early in September and has continued to work out as though nothing has happened.

"She was practicing a front somie (aerial somersault) on the balance beam," said Joan Hann, SF State gymnastics coach. "She kept landing with one foot on top of the other. Pretty soon her foot began to swell up and turn black."

"I kept saying it's OK, it's OK," said Heath, "until I could hardly walk on it."

Heath, who has been competing in gymnastics since she was 12, has been injured before. She cracked some bones in the same foot during warm-ups at a 1978 regional meet.

"I didn't go to a doctor and have it checked out for five months," she said, "and I competed and worked on it the whole time. Finally it just hurt so much I was unable to walk. So I went to a doctor and ended up having reconstructive surgery."

"It took me over four months to come back," she said.

Heath took the following year off. She dropped out of school and the gymnastics club she competed for.

"I still did things though," she said. "I performed on television in an NBC special called the 'All American Woman' in 1979."

A year later Heath enrolled at Napa Community College and joined its team. She met Hann at a regional meet and decided to transfer to SF State.

"Joan had a great influence on me," said Heath. "At the meet she invited me to come and work out with her. The first time I worked with her, I knew this was where I belonged. She made it exciting again. She showed me I could come back and be stronger than ever. And it's true. I've never been stronger than I am right now."

Heath and the rest of the team proved themselves to be stronger than ever when they earned their place in national competition last year. It was the first time SF State's gymnastics team ever competed in the national meet.

Heath's foot was put in a cast two weeks ago, said she didn't have it done sooner because she wanted to compete this season.

"I'm really stubborn," she said. "I won't give in to an injury until it gets me

down. I want to fight it. I knew the season was starting and I don't want to be down and out."

Heath may be down but when the season officially opened on Friday she was out.

She's so dedicated that she doesn't listen to what her body is telling her," said Hann. "I had to forbid her to practice because she kept going and it kept getting worse."

"I could keep fighting it," said Heath. "I wouldn't be in a cast if it weren't for Joan and the trainer. I wouldn't have given in. But they said stop. Enough is enough."

Hann said, "I hope the cast does it. She's tough. I've never seen anybody as strong as she is. That's why we're so far behind with her. If she had said her foot hurt when this first started, we wouldn't be where we are now."

Heath's cast is scheduled to come off today and if her doctor gives her OK she will be ready to compete in the team's next meet on January 8 in Sonoma.

Heath isn't the only gymnast who has hurt herself this year. Two of her teammates were injured at the Northridge invitational meet on Friday. The team finished eighth out of eight teams.

Stacey Holms, a new member of the team, ended up in Northridge Hospital after she fell off a balance beam at the end of her routine.

"At first we thought she was paralyzed," said Hann. "She was doing a cartwheel dismount with a back somersault and she landed on her shoulder and neck."

While waiting for an ambulance Hann was called over to the floor exercise area where Elaine Winslow, another new team member, had hyperextended her leg during her routine.

Hann said hyperextension of the leg occurs when too much weight causes the back of the knee to give and the lower leg bends in a forward direction.

Holms was released from the hospital with a mild concussion after two and a half hours. Winslow was given first aid on the spot and will have a stiff leg for a few weeks.

Both are expected to resume practicing next week.

The only SF State gymnast who did well in the meet was Cindy Lazzarino. The new competitor for the team took first place in vaulting with a score of 9.0 and third place on the uneven parallel bars. Lazzarino finished in sixth place all around out of 70 competitors.

Devo whips into shape

By James M. Uomini

"It's time to give the past a slip. It's time for new traditions. It's time for Devo," said Devo spokesman General Boy.

This introduction to Devo's near sell-out show in San Francisco last Friday is ironic given the widespread criticism that the once experimental band has become all too traditional. Success has ruined the avant-garde qualities that made Devo unique, critics write. The Chronicle's Joel Selvin said the band is now little more than a far-out group for squares.

Devo may not be at the crest of a new wave any more, but they put on an entertaining, satisfying and humorous show at the Civic Auditorium.

The group was mechanical and rigid in keeping with their robot-like image. None of the usual informal chatter broke up the songs, except for a brief address by the lead singer in falsetto voice playing the part of Booji Boy, the Devo mascot.

"You know it's been a long time since we've been to San Francisco and we were wondering what you spuds would be like. Now we know. We love you," he squeaked.

The songs were more energetic than the studio versions, but with few variations in style.

Devo has a new look for each album and this year they opened with gray jumpsuits and identical plastic wigs (called Devo Doos) with each short hair seemingly held carefully in place with greasy kid's stuff which shined in the lights.



For the second half, the group wore shorts and T-shirts.

During "Jocko Homo" (one of their earlier songs that asks the question "Are we not men?" and answers, "We are Devo."), lead singer Mark Mothersbaugh pointed his microphone into the audience repeatedly to let fans answer the chorus. As he leaned forward a fan tore his shirt and he was pulled into the audience. A roadie came to the rescue, saving the day.

Devo video rock tapes are among the best of their kind. The band opened the show with six, three using songs from the latest album "New Traditionalists." In contrast to the dull images often found in music video, Devo tapes are alive with a myriad of bizarre and often squares.

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Franciscan Shops

Sports

Gators dumped by No. 14 USF

By Steve Harmon

The Gator basketball team came reeling home from Division I powerhouse University of San Francisco's cross-town fortress Saturday night. They succumbed to the Dons 94-67 before a capacity crowd of 5,432.

It marked the 27th consecutive game between the cross-town rivals in which the USF Dons triumphed.

For the Gators, who wanted to display their defense (No. 1 in Division II last year), it was clearly an embarrassment.

Blind optimism might have imbued the Gator squad when they streaked to an 11-2 first half lead over the Dons.

Reality hit them, though, when All-American probable Quintin Dailey sank a turnaround jumper to put the Dons ahead to stay, 18-17.

The Dons, ranked 14th in the nation, coasted from there on, outscoring the Gators 24-14 for the remainder of the first half, and 52-36 in the second.

The Dons adjusted early to a Gator offense that to the surprise of USF,

came out running.

"The Gators played into our hands by running with us," said maverick guard Ken McAllister, captain of the Dons. McAllister dazzled the Gators with his passes underneath the basket and sent fans into frenzies with his reverse layups.

Gator coach Kevin Wilson agreed. "We got caught up in a fast tempo game. We should have slowed it down to a snail's pace when we were ahead, 13-8."

The Dons also forced the Gators into 20 turnovers. Contending with the Dons' full-court press is likened to at-

tempting escape from inside a locked safe.

Though the Gators fought tenaciously, the Dons decisively won the battle inside the key.

At 6-foot-8, Gator center Lenny Lees, his chin and nose smeared with blood early in the first half, was no match for the Dons' dominating center, 7-foot Wallace Bryant.

Bryant grabbed 15 rebounds, scored 17 points and was effective in the transition game. After grabbing a defensive rebound, Bryant hurriedly hurled outlet passes downcourt to his lightning-fast mates, Dailey (22 points), McAllister (18 points), and John Hegwood (11 points).

However, none of the Gators seemed impressed with Bryant.

"He was more of a physical threat than an athletic one," said Gator guard Craig Brazil.

"For a Division I player, he's weak. His vertical leap is only this much," said Wilson, indicating 2 inches with his fingers.

The Gators offensive steam may have evaporated when wingman Keith Hazell, the junior transfer from City College of San Francisco, was forced to take a sideline seat for 11 minutes after getting called for three early first-half fouls.

Wilson probably felt trapped with his most talented athlete on the bench, watching the Dons roll up the first-half total.

"We had to make substitutions earlier than we wanted," Wilson said. "But I have great confidence in our backups."

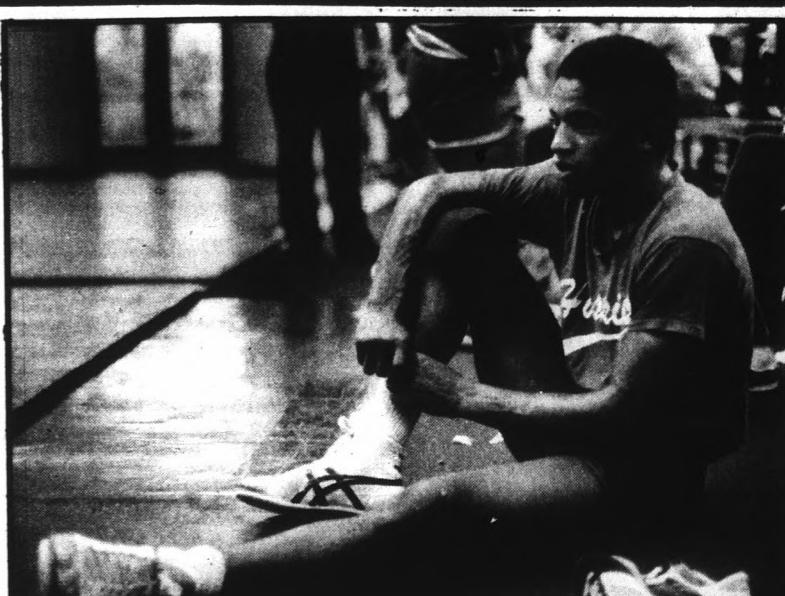
He got more than positive results from Hazell's replacement, Neal Hickey, who led the team in scoring with 16 points in 29 minutes.

The Dons' press not only elicited thefts, it was effective in causing hastened Gator shots. For the Gators, shooting only 36 percent (26-of-72), and being out-rebounded, 60-37, the game was mainly an exercise in futility.

"We couldn't grab any rebounds, we didn't get the high percentage shots. We weren't going to beat a Division II team, let aside a Division I team," said Wilson.

Dons fans were roundly satisfied when they were treated to an exhibition between reserves in the closing minutes, while Gators' fans were thinking of the next game against Southern Oregon State in Ashland, December 11.

Coach Wilson can't wait until next year. "We're going to be ready for USF. We're going to beat them."



Phoenix photo/Charles Hammont

Newsome inspires fellow wrestlers

By Jim Muyo

Leadership.

Make that leadership and ability. That's what makes Kevin Newsome so valuable to SF State's wrestling team.

From Vacaville High School, where he compiled a 47-1 record, to the mats at SF State, Newsome has excelled in wrestling and, maybe more importantly, has been an inspiration to his teammates.

"We're doing well because of him," said teammate Bill Blatnik. "I'm lucky because I'm one of Kevin's workout partners. Because of him I'm improving."

Perhaps due to Newsome, the whole team is improving. Last Saturday the Gators finished second in San Jose State's Hugh Mumby Invitational Tournament. Only the Spartans, the No. 1-ranked team in California, accumulated more points than SF State. Newsome was one of three Gators who won individual championships at the tourney.

In taking second, the Gators out-pointed Chico State, the team that SF State wrestling coach Allen Abraham thinks could provide the Gators with their toughest competition in the Far Western Conference. At Chico three weeks ago, the Gators beat Chico 23-16 as Newsome defeated his opponent 5-1.

Newsome is in his fourth and final year of competition at SF State. In his first two years here he won the FWC championship and was named All-American in the 150-pound class. He went to the National Championships, where he did not place.

In 1979-80 he was the FWC runner-up in the 158-pound class, won the regional championships and went on to place fourth in the nationals. Newsome red-shirted last year after suffering an injury to his left shoulder in the Gators' first match of the year at Fresno State.

"My shoulder was tired and gave out from the wear," said Newsome, who did not work out until last August when wrestling training began.

This year Newsome wrestles in the 167-pound class, but Abraham thinks Newsome is more suited for the 158-pound range.

"Kevin is not a physical wrestler. He's a technique wrestler," said Abraham, noting that 167-pound wrestlers use more physical strength.

Track meeting

There will be a meeting for all students interested in joining the San Francisco State Track and Field team. On December 14th at 3 p.m. Coach Harry Marra will meet with all students who want to join the team. The meeting will be held in Room 216 down at the Physical Education building. Don't forget to bring a pen and pencil.

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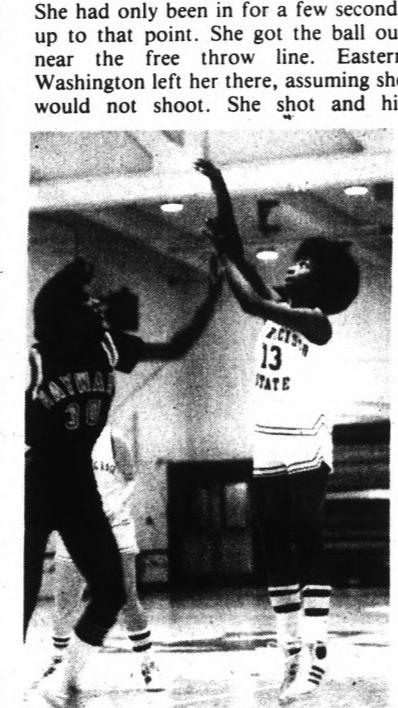
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Backwords

Video Verité



Collage photos/Jean Gauthier

By Cathy Hedgecock

Suzy Circuit needs groceries, so she plugs her home computer into the supermarket's tape. Instantly, the screen lights up and she's rolling down the aisles. All Suzy need do now is punch the proper code for the desired food into her computer, and the store will bag and deliver the items.

After all that effort, Suzy's ready to relax and watch a movie. She picks one, pops it into the videotape recorder and gets comfortable on the sofa. But with no one-to-elbow fight for the arm rest or giggle through the love scene, she gets bored.

How about a game instead? Suzy sets up her television for a round of Asteroids and blasts away at the video rocks threatening to destroy her spaceship.

Although Suzy Circuit is fictitious, her activities are not. As the magnetic charms of convenience and modernism pull more and more consumers toward video technology, scenes like the one above are increasing.

The Screen Dream

"Pretty soon you'll be able to do anything without ever leaving home," says Val Sakovich, instructional television coordinator at SF State.

The focus on home entertainment began in the late 1940s with the introduction of television. In the 1970s, Atari's Pong ball first bounced across the screen, inviting viewers to do instead of just watch.

"Video's the newest toy," says Jim Hackworth, a salesman at Matthews TV and Stereo City in Daly City. "People are fascinated by electronics and computers; they used to be afraid of them."

"Texas Instruments sells Speak and Spell, a hand-held video toy which teaches children how to spell," he says. "Parents buy it for their kids but end up using it themselves."

Now a pile of games, tapes and computers are available to bring entertainment and information into the home of anyone who can afford it.

"Just think," says Hackworth, "you could go home tonight, make some popcorn, put a tape in a machine and watch a movie without seeing anyone. No parking hassles, no bubble gum on your shoes. Sounds great, huh?"

He stands in Matthew's video alcove. A life-size Carol Burnett on a Big Screen television faces a spindly forest of video cameras on tripods. Shelves of cake-box-size videotape recorders flash 12:00 . . . 12:00 . . . 12:00 . . . at each other across the orange shag carpet.

"I set a timer on my player this morning and it's taping the game right now," Hackworth says, pointing to the Seattle Seahawks-San Diego Chargers game on a set nearby. "I'll watch it when I get home."

Although it's fun and convenient, electronic equipment may create cubbyholes of machine-like isolation, replacing human connections with electronic ones.

"We're depersonalized enough already," says humanities instructor Rodger Birt. "I'm a little fearful of what could happen if people don't want to go out and rub shoulders with the crowd, be a part of the audience."

"It's dangerous for a huge chunk of society to be nurtured on canned bits of culture rather than the makers of culture themselves — the artists, poets, musicians."

"How convenient but how terrible, not to go to plays, operas, films. People will turn on the Macy's parade instead of going down to see it."

In The Eye Of The Viewer

James Kent sees it differently. A physician at Pacific Medical Center, Kent bought his RCA videotape recorder one and a half years ago for \$950, and says it has given him more incentive to go out.

"There were times when we'd stay home to watch something," he says. "Now I just tape it for later."

Kent tapes all operas from the tube and keeps them as a collection. He also tapes "60 Minutes," "Masterpiece Theater" and shows on Channel 9. "Now I don't have to miss an important program or an outing," he says.

He says students appreciate the extra help which does not take up valuable class time. But his warning to fellow instructors not to use the tape as an excuse to miss classes is applicable to all videophiles: "They are not adequate substitutes for a live performance."

Sony introduced the first videotape recorder in 1967, but sales remained low until 1977, when technology lowered the price below \$1,000.

Sales shot up from 700,000 in 1980 to 1.2 million this year as consumers — with the help of advertising and the new technology — began to feel the lure of prime-time entertainment again.

And, if being able to watch "Laverne and Shirley" or "General Hospital" at any hour is not enough, feature films on videotape can be bought or rented.

From Walt Disney's "Dumbo" to "Touch of Love, Massage," for adults only, videotaped films rent for \$2 to \$5 a day or \$5 to \$10 overnight and sell for about \$50.

Eight stores in San Francisco exclusively distribute videotapes, and many electric appliance stores do also.

Captain Video on Lombard Street carries 1,300 titles, from the newest, "Breaker Morant," to older films like "Guys and Dolls."

But, says salesman Kevin Cassidy, "Some, like 'Raiders of the Lost Ark' and 'Fantasia,' will never make it to video. They're too popular."

home. But there are disadvantages, Sakovich says.

"Many people take classes at night to meet others. But if we provide the class in your home, you just come home from work and never meet anyone," he says.

Birt looks forward to using video equipment in his humanities classes. "I'd like to send students out to make family histories, interview the old aunts and uncles, or send them into an environment where they've never been, to observe it and bring some back in tape."

A physics instructor at the University of Nebraska at Omaha makes tapes of lectures and exam reviews as study aids for his students.

He says students appreciate the extra help which does not take up valuable class time. But his warning to fellow instructors not to use the tape as an excuse to miss classes is applicable to all videophiles: "They are not adequate substitutes for a live performance."

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But, says salesman Kevin Cassidy, "Some, like 'Raiders of the Lost Ark' and 'Fantasia,' will never make it to video. They're too popular."

While video can help cops find robbers, it can also help lonely professionals who can't find a date.

"The Video Dating Club is not a place for losers," says Jeff Mulanax, the club's executive director. "You must be attractive, not extremely overweight, together mentally."

Opened in 1975, the club adds eight to 15 new members a week who hope that finding the perfect partner is as easy as checking out a book from the library.

Members study the personal fact-sheets and photos of the 2,000 club members, divided into age categories between 18 and 65 years old.

After selecting a few candidates, they watch a six- to 10-minute videotape of each talking, playing an instrument or answering interview questions.

The viewer chooses "The One" and, if The One consents, a date is arranged. No last names are revealed until this point to preserve privacy, Mulanax says.

"Our members are highly selective people who don't have time to go to singles bars," he says. "This is a way for them to meet others like

themselves."

Video has found a niche for itself in cultural endeavors which are enjoyed outside as well as inside the home. Over 4,000 people attended the Second Annual International Video Festival last month. They viewed such works as "Steel & Flesh," "Condom" and "Secret Horror."

"Video pieces are different from movies," says Wendy Garfield, a festival coordinator and publisher of Video 80 magazine.

"There is not usually a narrative, a story line," she says. "Video pieces illustrate a theme. They deal with the same subjects movies do but in a different way."

Artistic Connections

Dancer and choreographer Deborah Mangum uses video monitors as props for productions. She did her first at Serramonte Mall. "Where middle-America goes to buy shoes," she says. "I wanted to shock them, do something totally out of the environment."

Her next show, Dec. 18 at the Electro Arts Gallery, 718 Columbus Street, features one dancer, two mannequins and three video monitors showing an abstract tape, a dancer and the audience, respectively.

Video has shown itself useful in other ways.

Real estate brokers can show potential buyers a number of homes without ever leaving the office by videotaping the houses for sales.

Patients can watch a tape of an operation before they have it done. For example, someone having an appendectomy can watch a tape of the procedure beforehand to lessen the fear and mystery.

A videotaped will can be made, showing the items to be left to each beneficiary as a way of avoiding squabbles.

Businesses have studios and hire actors for employee training tapes. Bank of America, which has videotape players in all of its branches, makes tapes on how to react in a robbery, detect forgeries and greet customers.

The city of Aspen, Colo., gives tours by video. "You watch it," says Sakovich, "and just tell the computer you want to go left here and it turns down that street. You can tour the whole city that way."

For personal use, video cameras can be purchased for between \$1,000 and \$1,500. Video cameras look like home movie cameras but can record about four times as much action on one reel. The tape is ready for instant playback and editing — no developing is necessary.

All these are just a few of the latest video developments. Like the ravenous arcade-monster, Pac-man, moving through its maze, video consumers are walking through stores in search of products to quash their voracious appetites for innovation.

"Any humanist who turns away from these machines in disgust is not seeing them realistically," says Birt. "But we must be careful. Fancy machines are no good without fancy ideas to go with them."

&

Ampersand



**Steve Martin:
A Wild &
Schizoid Guy**

The Go-Gos:
New Pop
Sweethearts

Lindsey
Buckingham
Steps Out

Holiday Movie Guide

You told her you have your own place. Now you have to tell your roommates.



You've been trying to get to know her better since the beginning of the term. And when she mentioned how hard it is to study in the dorm, you said, "My place is nice and quiet. Come on over and study with me."

Your roommates weren't very happy about it. But after a little persuading they decided the double feature at the Bijou might be worth seeing.

They're pretty special friends. And they deserve a special "Thanks." So, tonight, let it be Löwenbräu.



Löwenbräu. Here's to good friends.

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you'll love**

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SHIRT SIZE S _____

M _____

L _____

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for additional
shirts add \$8.50

calif res. add 6% sales tax - allow 4 to 6 wks delivery

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The very looking photograph of Steve Martin is by Penneys from Steven's still photographer Mel Drexel.

IN ONE EAR

Ampersand has been around for a while and is starting to look better and better. You guys are really raising the quality of your magazine and it's great. So why the trashy classifieds? I am referring to "Legal High?" Do you really want to mess up the page with this garbage? It looks terrible.

Carrie Schneider
Indiana University

I am 66 years old and so not your typical reader. However, *Ampersand* is a delightful insert in the OSU paper — for me, because it gives me an insight into current music, though I say ho-hum to it, but particularly because I enjoy Judith Sims' film reviews. She writes smoothly but succinctly, with sense and sensitivity.

Neal Smith
Columbus, Ohio

Oh yes, thanks for the feature you had on *Time Bandits* in your November 31 issue. My only objection was that you hardly had enough on darling Michael Palin.

PLEASE have more on Michael Palin of Monty Python. I just can't get enough of him!

A Monty Python & Michael Palin Fan
Lisa Acosta

This is a long shot, but I'll ask anyway. When Eric Clapton formed Derek and the Dominos, did he originally intend to keep his identity secret (or why "Derek")? The reason this is more than just a trivia question: somebody doing vocals on a fairly obscure album called *Five Below Deck* by a group called Rapids sounds incredibly

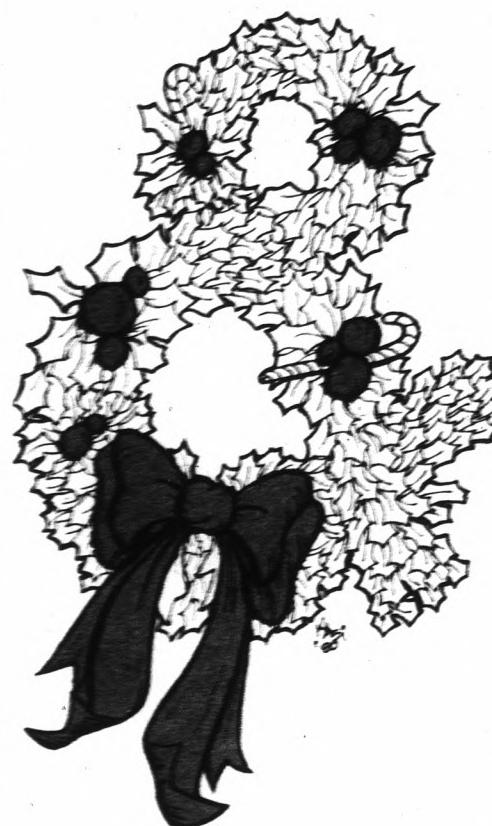
like Clapton, and the guitar work is definitely at his level. Any chance Eric is up to his old tricks?

TJ

University of Colorado—Boulder

No, Clapton was never playing possum; we always knew he was in there. He did like to stand back and be the sideman guitarist, out of the limelight, with friends Bonnie and Delaney — after *Blind Faith*, before his first solo album, which was then followed by *D* and the *D*'s *Layla*. We are not familiar with *Rapids* or their album; we suspect someone is a good mimic. But who knows? Maybe you're on to something. What label? When recorded? Who else is on it? We'll be delighted to give you an erudite answer, once we know more.

Please direct your inquiries, complaints, praise, confusion and any other comments to *In One Ear*, 1680 North Vine, Suite 900, Hollywood, CA 90028.



Ho Ho Ho! 'Tis the season to be jolly and feature two holiday Ampersands of the Month (tra la la la la). The wreath is by Karen C. Copeland of Hillsborough, N.C., while the Amperantlered reindeer is by Rob Chmielewski of Dunnellon, FL. Both will receive \$30 for their artistic labor. Other talented readers are encouraged to send us original Ampersands; please use black ink on heavy white paper and put name and address on the art work. Send the goods to Ampersand of the Month, 1680 North Vine, Suite 900, Hollywood, CA 90028.

BOLD



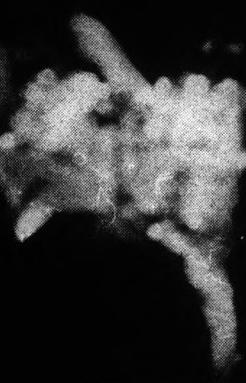
BOB SEYER!

NINE TONIGHT

THE SPECIAL TWO-RECORD SET
FEATURING BOB'S GREATEST HITS
PLUS THE NEW SMASH
"TRYIN' TO LIVE MY LIFE
WITHOUT YOU"



Bob Seger
The Silver Bullet Band



Capitol

s the sea
and sea
ay Amper.
onth (ra
be wreath
C. Cope.
borough,
e Amper.
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& OUT THE OTHER

Spiking Spock

TAR TREK II is assembling its crew, amid chitterings and strife from Trekkies, many of whom are concerned with Spock's rumored demise in the film. Yes, 'tis speculated that the filmmakers will actually off the pointy-eared Vulcanite, perhaps because Nimoy doesn't want to do this the rest of his life. Paramount executives are stonewalling. A spokesperson there said "We don't even have a cast list at all." Whether they do or not, here is the cast so far announced in the trades: Leonard Nimoy, William Shatner, DeForest Kelly and ... Ricardo Montalban. Nice to know that Latinos have a place in the future. And if you think we've given too much space to the mere speculation of Spock's split, know ye that the *Los Angeles Times* devoted nearly one entire (large) page to this very same subject, and a lengthy article also appeared in

the *Wall Street Journal*. (Latest news: Paramount sez Spock will live! Stop the presses!)

Greasing a Kangaroo

JOHN TRAVOLTA AND OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN will not appear in *Grease 2*; stars of that future flick are Adrian Zmed and Lorna Luft (sister to Liza Minelli). Didi Conn, who did appear in the original, will be back. Meanwhile, Olivia and John were reportedly going to star in a musical called *Stairway to Heaven*, but the deal keeps coming apart at the seams. Travolta will appear in a segment of *Simon & Simon*, new CBS series starring Jameson Parker and Gerald McRaney, titled "The Hot-test Ticket in Town." Olivia will go home to Australia to film *Kangaroo*, in which she'll play a grownup housewife, married to Bryan Brown (of *Breaker Morant* and Masterpiece Theatre's *A Town Like Alice*). *Kangaroo* concerns a 1920s underground

movement in Australia, from the story by D.H. Lawrence.

More Moore

DUDLEY MOORE, who has managed to star in two hit films two years in a row (*10, Arthur*), is booked solid for the next two or three: first is *Six Weeks*, with Mary Tyler Moore; then *Valium, A Romantic Comedy* and finally *Unfaithfully Yours*, a remake of the Preston Sturges film starring Rex Harrison. New York columnist Liz Smith recently reported that Moore would star with Brooke Shields in a remake of the Gary Cooper-Audrey Hepburn classic, *Love in the Afternoon*. Is nothing sacred?

Does He Give Finals During the Full Moon?

PROFESSOR HARRY A. SENN, Professor of French and Folklore at Pitzer Col-

lege in Claremont, near Los Angeles, is a werewolf/vampire aficionado. He's been to Romania three times and is about to return on a \$9000 Fullbright to study the hairy and batly legends up close and personal. He's not the only one so involved ... Prof. Leonard Wolf at San Francisco State teaches a course in vampires called "Terror and Literature," and Prof. Alvin Novick at Yale specializes in bats, or so we're told. And if you can't get to Pitzer to hear all about it, Senn has a book coming out in January called *Werewolf and Vampire in Romania*.

Weirdos, Read This

DR. DEMENTO (host of the nationally syndicated *Dr. Demento Radio Show*) and Songwriters Resources and Services of Los Angeles are sponsoring The Great Dr. Demento Novelty Song Contest. Entrants must submit "musical selections with lyrics that are humorous, bizarre, and/or topical," and the

Grand Prize Winner will receive real loot: a TASCAM Portastudio, JBL speakers and an all-expense-paid trip to LA songs included on an album (which on the Doctor's demented and syndicated radio show) and will also receive autographed by Demento himself. Entries must be postmarked no later than January 31, 1982. For contest entry blank and complete information, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to The Great Dr. Demento Novelty Song Contest, Box 900, Hollywood, CA 90028. Good luck, and stay off the street.

Newsbits from Nashville

OH BOY RECORDS, which has been a figment of singer-songwriter John Prine's imagination for years now, has finally become real. In time for Christmas, pressed on Lipstick Red

vinyl, comes *Prine*, featuring 1951 Jimmy Bo's "Saw Mommy Kill You" may turn out to be a whimsical ... and an extended guitar solo by the heirs of Bing Crosby.

Meanwhile, play around some of his various songs by next summer, whether it will be a teenage runaway, Krishna Beauripon, or the fat aches were common on TV."

Culture Guide

HISA SHINAGAWA'S club d.j. is the world's first



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one-button control. All with So, fine sound. And

vinyl, comes Prine's re-crooning of the 1951 Jimmy Boyd Yuletide smash, "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus." This may turn out to be as cunning as it is whimsical ... a holiday hit can mean an extended gravy train ride. Just ask the heirs of Bing "White Christmas" Crosby.

Meanwhile, Prine is also writing a play around some of the characters in his various songs. It should be ready by next summer. No word yet on whether it will feature that queen of teenage runaways, Barbara Lewis Hare Krishna Beauregard, the one who inspired the fatherly plaint, "If heartaches were commercials, we'd all be on TV."

Culture Gonna Blend on You

HISAO SHINAGAWA, former new wave club d.j., will soon release the world's first Japanese reggae single.

Barefoot Records is the label, "More Money, More War," is the historic tune. Fans of the L.A. scene should also seek *Hell Comes to Your House*, a compilation LP on Bemis Brain Records. Best L.A. disc news, however, is a repackaging by Rhino Records of all the hits and the obscure tracks by Richie Valens, easily the coolest Chicano for the entire period between Joaquin Murietta and Fernando Valenzuela. Richie Valens rocked the late Fifties with "C'mon Let's Go," "La Bamba" and "Donna," then was killed in the same plane crash — February 3, 1959 — that also took Buddy Holly. Unfortunately, till now, his records have been nearly impossible to come by because they were made for an obscure label that folded several years ago.

Grave Errors Dept.

MOVIEGOERS AND BLUES FANS alike should remember Furry Lewis for his tours with Leon Russell and his



appearances in *W.W. and the Dixie Dancekings* with Burt Reynolds and in *This is Elvis*. The venerable Memphis singer also has a recently released

compilation on Fantasy Records entitled *Shake 'Em on Down*.

Recently, a three page letter from Senator Bob Packwood (Republican from the great state of Oregon), representing the Republican Presidential Task Force, arrived at Fantasy Records addressed to Mr. Lewis. It went like this:

"Dear Mr. Lewis: Forgive me for saying this but you're causing the President grave concern. Why hasn't President Reagan heard from you? Why haven't you joined him in the Republican Presidential Task Force? ..."

"What shall I tell our President?" Packwood went on. "Because he's personally asked me to find out why you're holding back ... Shall I show him your contribution of \$120 for a full year's membership ... or shall I tell him you've said he must fight alone? ..."

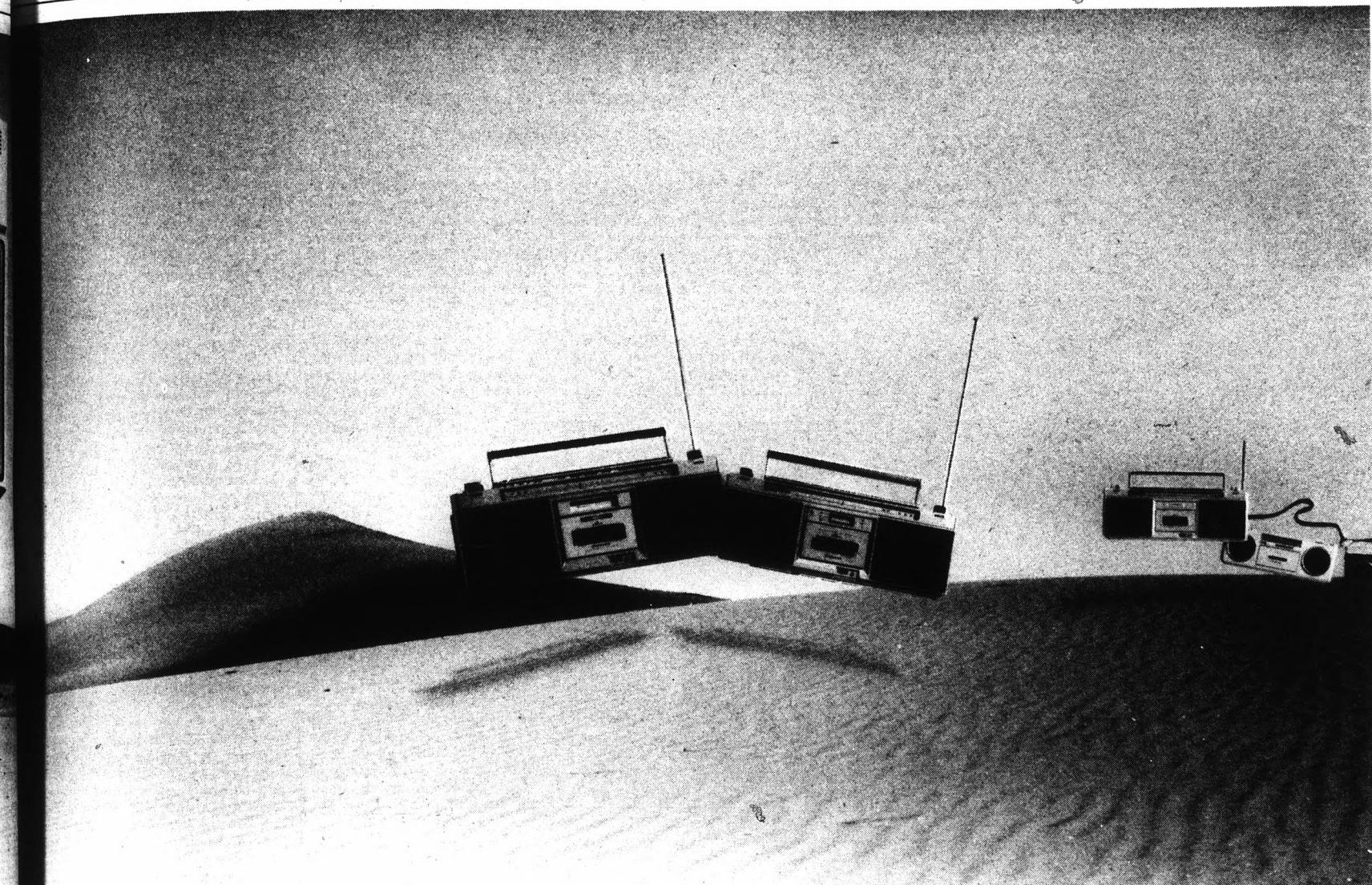
"If you've delayed for any reason, let me assure you there's no more time to

lose. Our adversaries are forging ahead even as you read this. Don't let this day end without action!"

The only flaw in Packwood's Presidential Pitch: Lewis, who lived in near poverty all his life, died a few weeks prior to the Republican call for help.

TV or NOT TV

WE FINALLY HAVE the complete cast lineup for *9 to 5* (you were holding your breath, weren't you?): Valerie Curtin, author and actress (she was Vera in *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*, and she co-wrote, with Barry Levinson, ... *And Justice For All*, *Inside Moves* and *Best Friends*), will play the Jane Fonda role. Rita Moreno (Academy Award winner for *West Side Story*, actress and dancer) is the Lily Tomlin character, and Dolly Parton's shoes are filled by her sister, Rachel Parton Dennison. Fonda, by the way, claims she won't appear in the series (Continued on page 18)



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OFF THE WALL

CABLE TELEVISION & YOU

卷之三

This was the result of
one session after another, of
one or two or several
sessions, and you know how
you have a general impression
of what you think the thing will
be when you come. The session
is over, and the thing has to be
done and will be done because no
one person can argue with
an idea. It is something that is
independent, it is not
something that is like a
product of the mind or the body.
It is something that is like a
product of the heart or the soul,
and it is something that is like a
product of the spirit or the mind.

What is Cable Television? To answer this question we must know who wants to know. Obviously, as it would seem to me, a new subscriber is curious as to what he can do with his antenna and what other services there are. If those are the 75% will they buy or not, how 25% of those receive will they be able to pay him, say \$10 a month and still have the television. But if the 75% are answering, 90%, and 10% more - apparently an average of 10% more than a new subscriber.

What would you do?

WHAT THEY DO NOT DO THIS TAKING
THE USE OF PESTICIDES OR THE COMP-
ANY WHO IS A MEMBER OF THE
I AM BORN FREE ASSOCIATION. IT
IS A ~~SECRET~~

The Discourse

base a system of education
which will be known and
which will be used after
the first time and every time
when there will be new
knowledge introduced into the
world. The world is growing. The
knowledge of man is growing.
It is growing all the time.
The world is growing. It was
taught and it was to other how
to cause one commission & that
one commission were the cause of
many problems.

THE BOSTONIAN

Finally, consider this a time for you
and all members of the Committee
to demonstrate a will to do
what is right and honest. There
are no guarantees.

Box
For ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~

新嘉坡總理辦事處

John H. Smithwick



~~brought man & wife to Indian territory~~
~~so you & we are the ~~brought man~~~~
~~a well man who has your access to~~
~~you was the ~~brought man~~ a well~~
~~another reservation & didn't have~~
~~further access~~ I survive because
there are some bear that sometimes I'm
the a natural death I can survive
because of some hunting I manageable
or you as the a natural death
you might be another access even
now The last year a said sickness
through simple name I uncontrollable
disease to you and I think he
was Jefferson and we assume that
each and each then I becomes less
that I and who I will have an
uncontrollable disease you are further
access extension if you don't
you are not

What's So Great About Gardening?

remember the good old days, when
gasoline was free and cigarettes
didn't cause heart disease. When the
whole family used a wash laundry so
far now a batch of laundry things
would solve crimes but nothing
happened. When he got home it
was limited to fragrant, terrible, bill-
yard, scented, ungen, lime and le-
mon. Well, those days are gone.
Now with your channel selector you
can get at almost limitless array of
programming from all over the country.
For example here's a small part
of what was available in the last
month.

• NBC Jr. 54 - "Graeux et
l'ouragan" This multi-camera
show is set in a for-
tress where showing the
monks in living in the
show is a serious abuse
of atmosphere. See Lance Wom

- 1** *ab initio* simulation - same for all Hartree-Dawson as in the DFT
- 2** *Transfer Z-matrix*
- 3** *transfer terms*
- 4** Direct superposition - The *wf* is a linear combination of Hartree-Fock orbitals + some

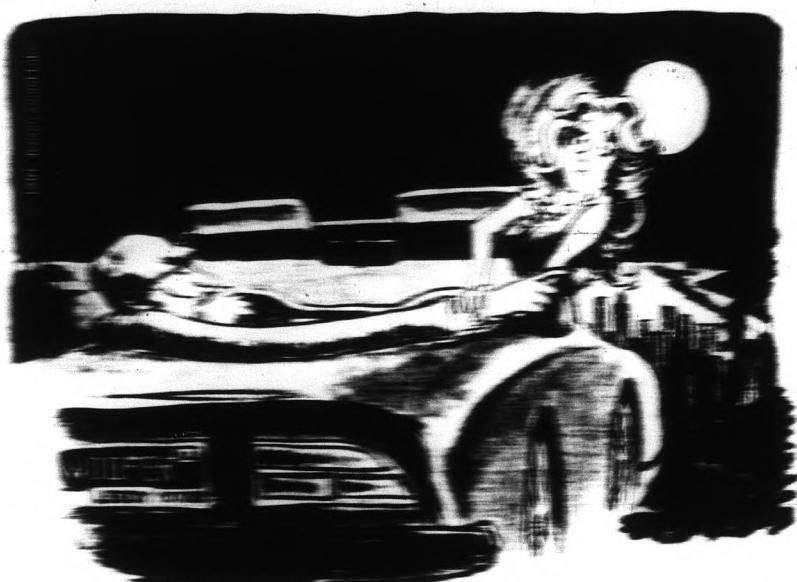
The Future Challenges

ANSWER

Same extension will be a chocolate candy bar if you heat it fast enough and it will melt but make a mess as the extension that chocolate candy bar is here to be used when the political extension has started and is not used as an extension and the political extension's extension is not put, same extension will be the thing set west or several things lighting or a piece of the like which melt and make a mess

It is only in the last few years
that we have been able to
make any real progress in
the field of research.

The little boy was very quickly
told he would not have been ex-
empted and so he had to be de-
taught how to count from one to
one thousand. This was hard and
the challenge was given to him said,
"www. Count to one thousand in the
remaining three days." The numbers
are counted in three different ways:
different animals, different years and
years in a continuous series. When we
first saw we were not quite thinking we
would believe it, but when we
saw it we knew it was true.



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ON SCREEN

Ragtime

starring James Cagney, Brad Dourif, Mary Steenburgen; written by Michael Weller from the novel by E. L. Doctorow; directed by Milos Forman.

Ragtime is dizzy kitsch and lots of fun. It's also a colossal two-and-a-half-hour-long fake. Not even a construction crane could suspend the necessary disbelief. One well-intentioned miscalculation follows the next until there's so much wrong it's hard to keep it all straight.

How can we give ourselves over to a film whose sets and locations look like sets and locations, and whose costumes look like costumes? They have been carefully chosen, but like the rest of the film, with the exception of some performances, they exist only as concepts. In short, nothing looks *lived* in. Compare the Lower East Side sequence in *Ragtime* with a similar reconstruction in *Godfather II* and the difference becomes obvious. In the latter we are *there* and in the other, well, we're not.

E.L. Doctorow's novel was a masterfully satisfying entertainment. A handful of figures from the early years of the 20th century (some famous, some fictional) were made to represent certain political, social and aesthetic forces struggling to be born, e.g. black rights, women's lib and motion pictures. As the narrative hopscotch from character to character their paths (and concerns) constantly crisscrossed. The pacing was brisk, the prose style uncluttered. A leisurely epoch was limned in quick sketches. It was like watching some secretly shot movie of bygone lives — both public and private. Just enough descriptive detail was provided for us, the readers, to fill in the rest. This may be why the book is more immediate than the Milos Forman film. Not only has all the work been done for us up there on the screen — it also hasn't been done *right*. Not only production design, but script and direction are at fault.

Most importantly, the story is lopsided. The climax of aggrieved blacks occupying New York's J.P. Morgan Library is drawn out way too long (possibly to allow James Cagney as Police

Commissioner enough screen time to justify his star billing). The other characters are thus deprived of important scenes that would make many of the actions more comprehensible.

The acting is fine — Mary Steenburgen, Robert Joy, Brad Dourif, Mandy Patinkin and Cagney are great to watch. So is lovely Elizabeth McGovern. She's as natural here as she was in *Ordinary People*. It's a deft and charming performance, full of humor — the only problem is that it's in the wrong movie. It has as much to do with 1900 as Deborah Harry has to do with Scott Joplin. This contemporary viewpoint is built into the film and is its second most serious flaw. It comes out in dialogue, mannerisms and motivations (or lack of same). In 1900 blacks *may* have called each other "brother," young ladies *may* have been upfront about sex and money, middle-class white boys *may* have become disillusioned with their hypocritical dads and joined black terrorist groups. It's possible, but the burden is on *Ragtime* to make us believe it. It doesn't.

Ragtime should have been a TV

mini-series with all the much-needed explanations the movie lacks, or it should have been drastically rethought for the screen. It's a shame. The film is high-spirited and, for the first part, very enjoyable in spite of its errors. Yet after two hours there have been too many manipulations and it finally collapses under them.

Richard Blackburn

Whose Life Is It Anyway?

starring Richard Dreyfuss, John Cassavetes and Carol Lahti; written by Brian Clark & Reginald Rose; directed by John Badham.

The choice of Dreyfuss to star as a sculptor paralyzed by an auto accident is a mixed blessing — he is so vital, so irrepressibly alive, that he rivets our attention and squeezes every laugh and tear that can be squeezed. But this very energy almost (but just almost) negates the hopelessness of his condition; it is difficult to believe that someone so intelligent and perceptive would want to end his life

simply because he can't move his arms and legs.

And that is the story — he wants to die, but the doctor in charge (Cassavetes) refuses to accede to this wish instead threatening to have Dreyfuss committed to a home where he'll be kept alive for years. Dreyfuss is not easily defeated, but the film is not simply their confrontation. It deals with Dreyfuss' effect on the lives of him emotionally; a reggae-hed orderly others.

On the surface, a film about a paralyzed man who wants to die is not exactly cheerful holiday fare. But it is a good movie, not an expensive one, nor a garish one. Just good; it makes us think and feel, laugh and cry, and there's not much more we can ask, in this or any other season.

Judith Sims

Absence of Malice

starring Paul Newman and Sally Field; written by Kurt Luedtke; directed by Sydney Pollack.

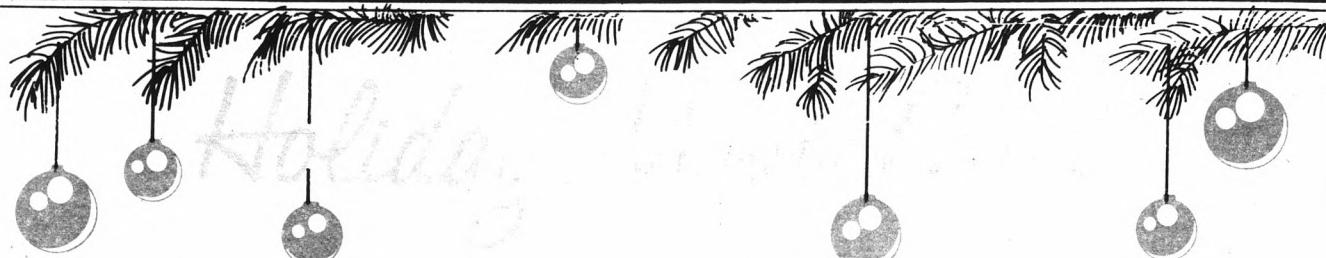
We really didn't need this — a confusing, stupid movie about journalistic ethics, or lack thereof. Sally Field portrays a Miami reporter who prints a false story (leaked to her in a most questionable manner) claiming that businessman Newman is under investigation by a strike force in the disappearance of a local longshoremen's union leader. Newman is innocent, naturally, and proceeds to set the record straight. In the process he and Field have a few go-rounds, and almost everyone gets his or her come-uppance in the end. Well, fine — except that it's all framed in pretentious preachy, muddled blather about "the public's right to know" and revealing or not revealing sources, and using the press to advance one's own ambitions, blah blah ... *Absence of Malice* manages to add fuel and a wet blanket to the flaming topic of journalistic ethics.

Parts of the film are just foolish. Newman, hurt, asks Field "Don't you know me yet?" Meaning how could she think him a hood when they've been going steady for two nights in a row. Much worse are the scenes at the newspaper, where Field has to be reminded by the paper's attorney to get a quote from Newman (when Newman doesn't answer his phone, she doesn't bother to call again). Give me a break! Field shows no qualms about printing stories based on the most tenuous — or off-the-record — sources, then turns around and prints the name and abortion date of a timid source who responds to the public shame with suicide.

But the Worst Line of the Year Award goes to writer Luedtke for the following exchange. Field, in reply to Newman's comment that she wears no wedding ring, therefore must be single: "You ever hear of liberation?" Newman: "Yeah, but they're all ugly."

Nothing rings true. This was obviously intended as a serious look at the sometimes shoddy practices reporters use to get their stories, but the intention dealt a mere glancing blow to the execution. Luedtke, according to the production notes, has been a journalist for more than twenty years, at the *Miami Herald* and the *Detroit Free Press*. There is very little evidence of that experience on the screen.

Judith Sims



Just a few more days full of dread exams and last-minute plans about How to Get Home Cheaply — and then, at last, the big winter relief of The Holidays: Thanksgiving turkey, pumpkin pie and cranberry sauce; Christmas turkey (maybe a ham), apple pie and presents; "Auld Lang Syne" and the Rose Bowl and potato chips and beer. Small wonder that the earth seems to move in early January; it's just our annual national post-holiday belch.

But enough of these culinary slayings. We're here to write about movies and another distinctly American tradition: the sudden appearance of dozens of blockbuster films every December, at which time the film studios hope to change their year-end ink from red to black, and maybe influence an Oscar nomination or two.

Here, then, is a rundown of those movies that will light up screens across the country (release dates vary wildly from region to region) this holiday season. And don't forget: movie theaters are full of popcorn, cokes, Jujubes, Milk Duds ...

REDS stars Warren Beatty as American journalist John Reed, best known for his eyewitness assessment of the Russian Revolution in his 1919 book *Ten Days that Shook the World*; Diane Keaton plays the love interest, author Louise Fletcher; and Jack Nicholson is playwright Eugene O'Neill. The whole thing took five years and an estimated \$40 million to complete — more than the Russian Revolution itself.

RAGTIME, the long-delayed film version of E. L. Doctorow's bestseller, brings us that innovative mix of fictional and real characters, played by James Cagney, Mary Steenburgen, Brad Dourif, Norman Mailer (reportedly excellent), and Howard E. Rollins as Coalhouse Walker.

TAPS stars Timothy Hutton as an upright, do-right cadet at an eastern military academy; George C. Scott is the head man, and conflict abounds.

MODERN PROBLEMS. Chevy Chase without Goldie Hawn. Chase is an air traffic controller who develops telekinetic powers. But does he develop acting talent?

NEIGHBORS, from the Thomas Berger novel, pits quiet suburbanites John Belushi and Kathryn Walker against the New Couple — weird and wacky Dan Aykroyd and Cathy Moriarty (from *Raging Bull*).

WHOSE LIFE IS IT ANYWAY? was a successful Broadway play for the past few years. This version stars Richard Dreyfuss as a sculptor who loses the use of his arms and legs after an auto accident. His decision to end his life meets with strong resistance from doctor John Cassavetes, and with emotionally charged sympathy from doctor Carol Lahti. In spite of the grim subject, Dreyfuss is funny, engaging, and compelling (see review this issue).

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN. We've been waiting for this one for months, ever since MGM teased the press with clips and set visits back in the spring. Steve Martin departs from his jerky comedian persona and plays a 1930s

song salesman who dreams of living out the sweet songs he sells as an escape from his harsh Depression reality. Though married, he falls in love with hard-luck beauty Bernadette Peters. Christopher Walken (who won an Academy Award for his supporting role in *The Deer Hunter*) plays a dancing pimp who knows a good thing — Peters — when he sees her. The sets are fabulous: an old-fashioned bank turns into a Busby Berkeley dance scene; while Martin and Peters are watching the movie *Follow the Fleet*, they imagine themselves doing the same "Let's Face the Music and Dance" number — and sure enough, we see Steve and Bernadette in the same Astaire and Rogers costumes, on the same set, doing the same dance ...

BUDDY, BUDDY is the American remake of a fine French comedy (originally translated as *A Pain in the Ass*), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau in place of Jacques Brel and Lino Ventura. It's about a hit man, Matthau, hired to assassinate a government witness, but he's constantly interrupted by the suicidal bozo in the next hotel room (Lemmon). It's directed by Billy Wilder, who's been away too long.

SHARKY'S MACHINE. Burt Reynolds is an Atlanta vice detective investigating a series of call girl murders. Model Rachel Ward, in her first screen role, is a call girl, and we're promised that *Sharky's Machine* wallows in every possible seedy element.

ROLLOVER gives us Jane Fonda as the chairman of the board of a large corporation, and Kris Kristofferson (wearing a suit, but not a beard) as the head of a failing New York bank. It's billed as a thriller/love story.

ON GOLDEN POND shows how three generations interact emotionally one summer, and it stars Henry Fonda and Katherine Hepburn as Jane Fonda's parents. It opens in two theaters in December, countrywide in late January.

GHOST STORY is an intricate thriller in which the ghost of a murdered woman returns to haunt (and wreak revenge upon) the four pillars of the community who did her in. Stars Fred Astaire, Patricia Neal, the late Melvyn Douglas, Craig Wasson (as Douglas' son), Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Alice Krige as a mysterious beauty.

HEARTBEEPS stars Andy Kaufman and Bernadette Peters as robots who yearn to be free. And so they wander off and have many adventures ...

FOUR FRIENDS is screenwriter Steve (Breaking Away, Eyewitness) Tesich's autobiographical look at four close friends, the Sixties and East Chicago, with Craig Wasson, Jodi Thelen, Jim Metzler, and Michael Huddleston.

Please remove hats, bow heads, and ponder this loss: there is no Clint Eastwood movie this holiday season. There has always been a holiday Eastwood. Is this the end of the world we've been bearing so much about lately?

Judith Sims

Chaps

RALPH LAUREN

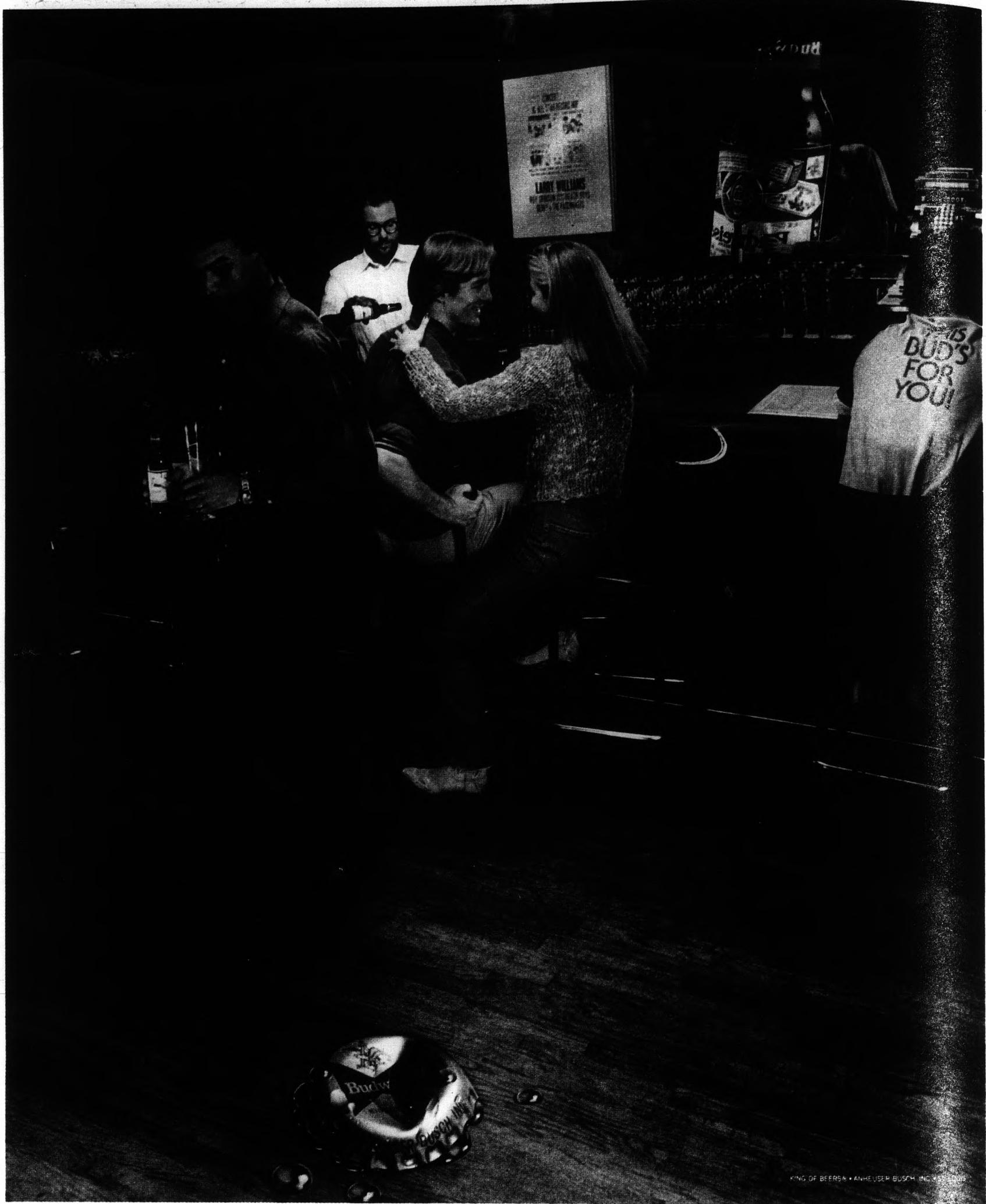


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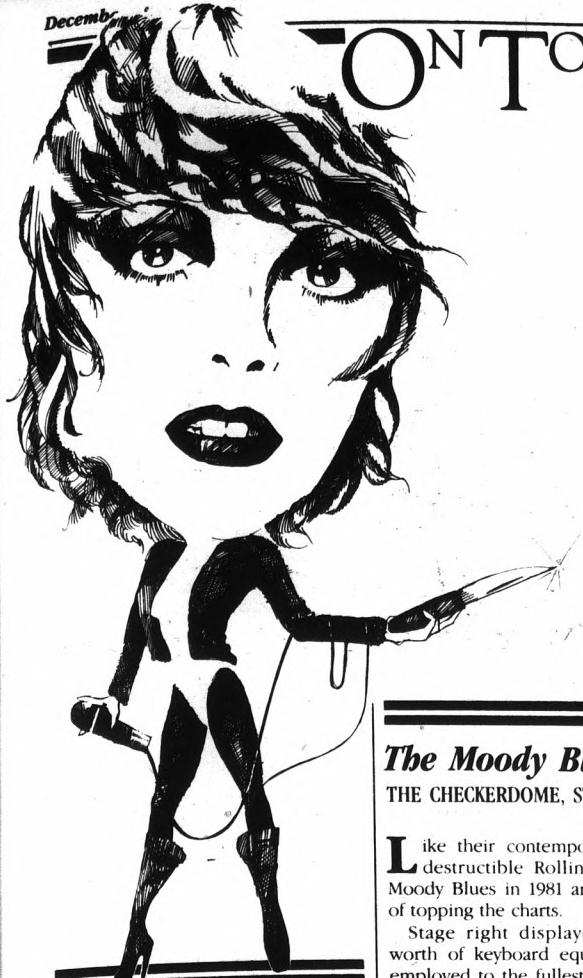
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**Pat Benatar**

CIVIC AUDITORIUM, OMAHA, NB

The critical question that arises for rock performers who parade on stage in skin tight outfits: are they listening to my music or staring at my crotch?

The emphasis on this point has tended to overshadow the fact that Benatar would be just as capable a rocker if she appeared in a gunny sack. But for the male concert goers who are usually resigned to scream for Ted Nugent's guitar pick, Pat's "pixie-with-a-switchblade" attractiveness is an added incentive to the bursts of mainstream rock. For female audiences subjected to rock's tendency toward male chauvinism, Benatar's combination of sensitivity and aggression is an irresistible role model.

Benatar's onstage presence has matured from mike-humping and gyrating to a more tasteful level of air-guitar choreography and overall showmanship. Her music also gives her three-octave voice a chance to coo as well as scream.

Curiously, Benatar's choice of encores was two cover tunes, the first being an excellent version of the old Paul Revere and the Raiders nugget "Just Like Me" and a grand finale of "Helter Skelter" dedicated on this night to John Lennon on his birthday. Done live as a wrap-up encore however, the song loses much of the necessary angst.

There were some other lapses of credibility, such as the irony of putting "Hit Me with Your Best Shot" back to back with "Hell Is for Children." But it is hard to doubt Benatar's performing sincerity. The crowd has dubbed her Queen of Rock and at this point it appears she has no intention of letting them down. Her penchant for tight-fitting jumpsuits is just one part of the bargain.

Casey McCabe

Patt Dewing

Barry Alfonso

The Moody Blues

THE CHECKERDOME, ST. LOUIS

Like their contemporaries, the indestructible Rolling Stones, the Moody Blues in 1981 are still capable of topping the charts.

Stage right displayed a studio's worth of keyboard equipment to be employed to the fullest by the band's newest addition, Patrick Moraz, who filled in for original member Michael Pindar during 1978's tour in support of *Octave* after spending a couple of years as Rick Wakeman's replacement in Yes. When Pindar withdrew from making *Voyager*, rock's best keyboard understudy stepped permanently into the position.

Center stage, an impressive drum kit awaited Moodies co-founder Graeme Edge, whose flourish on the up-dated tempos would show him to be a much keener, more imaginative musician than recordings have indicated. Indeed, Edge's consistent strength and quietly-smiling detachment place his performance a notch above the others.

Stage left was reserved for stately, square-chinned Justin Hayward (of the perfect blond haircut) and punkier but nonetheless gracious John Lodge. Visually and artistically they made a handsome complement for their respective assets: a natural team whose success with their *Blue Jays* release during the Moodies' hiatus, from early 1974 to late 1977, seemed logical.

With the other remaining original member, flute-, harmonica-, tambourine-player and singer Ray Thomas in place between Moraz and Edge, they opened with their recent single "Gemini Dream," tight and smooth and, as would be the trend, probably more hard core than many of the older fans among the nearly 18,000 almost filling the arena might have expected.

But then the Moody Blues, as their name suggests, are rather unpredictable.

Thomas, the Ghost of Rock & Roll Past, soon grew glum watching the Hayward/Lodge alliance take the lead, and began to distract the audience with comments about their whistling disturbing his flute playing and aging-hippy remarks about the faster tempos. Yet Thomas managed to skillfully build his "Veteran Cosmic Rocker" into the evening's showpiece.

The Chieftains

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON, MASS.

The American folk music wave of the Fifties and Sixties has now subsided, but the Chieftains show that traditional music really knows no boundaries of time or place.

Respectable-looking as six Irish chums spending Saturday afternoon at the pub, the Chieftains rival almost any well-known popular act for musicianship and sheer excitement. The group has gone through many changes of personnel in the eighteen years since it was founded by the pint-sized piper Paddy Moloney, but the Chieftains still play traditional Irish music the way it's been played for a thousand years. They use such exotic instruments as the goatskin drum called the Bodhran and the ancestor of the bagpipes called the uilleann pipes.

In the last performance of their fall American tour, the Chieftains played a perfectly paced and arranged tour of traditional and contemporary Irish jigs, reels, marches and ballads. One of the Chieftains' favorite devices is to combine several similar ballads or dance tunes, which gives them the feeling of an orchestral chamber piece. Their music is deceptively simple, but if we listen closely, their medley of songs from the Isle of Man is as rich and complex as a Mozart serenade. Remarkably, it turns out that only fiddler Sean Keane and harpist Derek Bell have had formal musical training.

The Chieftains convey the distinctive Irish humor of their music through their virtuoso playing alone; only a couple of songs are actually sung during the evening. The group's foot-tapping enthusiasm and whoops of pleasure spread to the audience, where more than one fan could be seen dancing in the aisle of Boston's staid Symphony Hall during such rollicking medleys as "The Gold Ring."

Even though the sound in Symphony Hall was sometimes out of whack, it was still easy to tell that these six individuals have become a seamless ensemble. Each musician also had the opportunity to demonstrate his ability as a soloist, and these spots were some of the best moments of the show. Fiddler Martin Fay made "Poor Old Man from the Hill" as stately as a romantic viola sonata, and piper Paddy Moloney's melancholy "Christmas Eve" sounded like someone calling across the moors. The Chieftains managed the more delicate tunes as easily as they romped through their reels.

As soon as they had concluded one of these solo spots, the individual Chieftains would regroup and change the pace again with another dance tune. In each half of the show, they saved the best for last, and wound up the evening with an astonishing rendition of the traditional Cajun tune "Cotton-Eyed Joe" — combined with snatches of an Irish reel, of course

Paul Rosta

ON DISC**MARIANNE FAITHFULL**
Dangerous Acquaintances

(Island) One of 1979's most pleasant musical surprises was the out-of-left-field comeback of Marianne Faithfull, previously known for "As Tears Go By" and a few other Sixties pop hits. "Tour de force" is not too strong a term to describe her album of two years ago, *Broken English*. Faithfull's cracked, croaking voice suited the brooding material of the LP perfectly, with crisp techno-rock arrangements adding a stylish finishing touch. A true follow-up album to this powerful work would be a tall order — so, this time, Faithfull has released a somewhat different collection of tracks. *Dangerous Acquaintances*, while not matching the impact of *Broken English*, succeeds well on its own lower-keyed terms.

This time, Faithfull co-wrote all but one of the songs on her album, in contrast to her last release. Apparently buoyed by the upturn in her career, she penned a batch of generally positive-minded tunes with her collaborators, short sketches of urban life and contemporary love. Faithfull's lyrical approach tends to veer towards the obscure side, though several diffuse narratives here ("So Sad," "Easy in the City") are effectively evocative. Fortunately, the vagueness of her words is compensated for by *Dangerous Acquaintances'* hook-laden melodies. "For Beauty's Sake" jumps to a reggae tune line, while "Strange One" simmers with a bluesy feel. It should be remembered that Faithfull was a pop-oriented artist in the Sixties, and she remains one — her latest LP is quite accessible.

What isn't very "pop" about Faithfull these days is her husky-untomatic hissing voice, an instrument of decidedly limited range but considerably expressive power.

Dangerous Acquaintances confirms that Faithfull, once consigned to the has-been heap, intends to remain on the scene for some time.

**JOAN ARMATRADING**
Walk Under Ladders

(A&M) A marvelously expressive LP, glinting with delights both large and small, *Walk Under Ladders* might (at last) establish the identity vocalist/writer Joan Armatrading has for so long been lacking in this country. An established star in her native Britain, Armatrading has never quite penetrated the American pop consciousness. Her style at various times conjoints folk, R&B and reggae, with a kind of free floating mix-and-match that throws format-trained listeners well off their stride. *Walk Under Ladders* finds her in an unmistakably progressive mode and the results are well nigh brilliant. The teaming of producer Steve Lillywhite (U-2, Psychedelic Furs, Peter Gabriel), a full compliment of atonal, avant garde instrumentalists such as bassist Tony Levin, XTC guitarist Andy Partridge and keyboardist Nick Pyle, and Armatrading's own lilting, emotive vocals could have gone badly awry. Instead, the singer rises magnificently to the full-bodied and complex musical textures supporting some of the finest, funniest and most sublimely economical writing of her career. The sentiments expressed in tunes like the reggae cantered "When I Get It Right," "I Can't Lie to Myself," and "No Love," with its charming double negative "But if you've got no love to give/Baby don't give it here," are so direct, so unembellished, so emotionally resonant, they leave one with a sense of candor almost embarrassing. Armatrading's facility with words, her sure-footed melodic craft are the stars of *Walk Under Ladders*. The produc-

tion, performances and breathtakingly successful experimental leaps form a sparkling supporting cast.

Davin Seay

PENGUIN CAFE ORCHESTRA
Penguin Cafe Orchestra

(Editions E.G.) Zealous Enophiles will recall the Penguin Cafe Orchestra's 1976 debut, *Music from the Penguin Cafe*, released on Brian Eno's short-lived Obscure Records custom label. The LP was an eccentric and airy collection of instrumental ditties that variably evoked French movie theme music, modern minimalist composers like Cage and Glass and, er, chamber pieces played by a buoyant, skilled ensemble of penguins.

Penguin Cafe Orchestra is, of course, the long awaited followup. From the spry, twangy notes of the album's opener, "Air a Danse," to the final delicate quiverings of "Steady State," this is one of those wonderful records that makes no sense at all, exuding wit and grace with a subtle, loony abandon.

The perpetrator of all this is an Englishman by the name of Simon Jeffes, who composed the music, produced it and played some 15 odd (sometimes very odd) instruments on the disc. There are other musicians too, most notably Gavin Wright, whose violin lends an austere, melancholy air to what might have otherwise been lightweight stuff. As it is, *Penguin Cafe Orchestra* is hardly lightweight — just lightheaded, likable and a little daft.

Steven X. Rea

KING CRIMSON
Discipline

(Warner Bros.) *Discipline* is just that: focused, consistent, well-executed. It is both eminently listenable and challenging. The most convenient comparison to cite would be the Talking Heads' most recent albums, but that's only approximate.

(Continued on page 14)

ON DISC

(Continued from page 13)

Discipline is comfortably on its own, and can be approached by even staunch anti-punks without fear. Insufferably self-assured, obscure as a rock theorist, and inconsistent as a record-maker, Robert Fripp nevertheless cannot be dismissed. After his brief-lived League of Gentleman outing earlier this year, Fripp has reinvented the band that won him fame in the first place — King Crimson, disbanded in the mid-Seventies after a trailblazing career among British progressive rock groups.

The album has an unashamedly intellectual tone. While such tracks as "Elephant Talk" and "Thela Hun Ginjeet" have peppy percussion lines, it's best to dance in your head to this LP. And there's much for both the mind and the senses to enjoy here: gently whining guitar murmurs, soothing touches of congas and marimbas, tasty jazz and even raga-like arrangements. When *Discipline*'s mood threatens to stay serene, eruptions of drum-banging and clanging guitar riffs break the peace nicely. Below is the voice of the new King Crimson, and his humorous David Byrne-like yelp is right for the album's curious lyrics. Several tracks ("Indiscipline," "Thela Hun Ginjeet") are more narrated than sung, yet another unexpected touch in an album full of them.

Barry Alfonso

COUP DE GRACE

Mink DeVille

(Atlantic) Willy DeVille is an anomaly among the new breed of rockers. You probably know him via his menacing version of "Cadillac Walk" but his real forte and true love are the unabashedly romantic, uptown soul ballads that gave the likes of Ben E. King a string of hits in the very early Sixties. Willy's passion for the music extends to looking and acting the part, too—if *Saturday Night Fever* had been set in Spanish Harlem circa 1962, he would have been the ideal choice to play the lead role.

Coup De Grace, Mink DeVille's first LP for Atlantic (the very label that released most of those old r&b classics young Willy lost his heart to), unfortunately isn't the match-made-in-heaven it could have been. DeVille and co-producer Jack Nitzsche have saddled these tunes with monochromatic arrangements. The performances have nothing in the way of tension, dynamics or color and consequently fail to generate the sense of drama that is absolutely central to this music.

Predictably, DeVille shines brightest on the slower material — no one, but no one, among rock singers can tackle an old-fashioned soul ballad as convincingly as he does. "Help Me to Make It" and "You Better Move On" (both covers) and Willy's own "So in Love Are We" fare best here while "Love Me Like You Did Before" stands as one of his most successful forays into uptempo Stones swagger.

Coup De Grace is a proficient, workmanlike record but it's too flawed to break DeVille to a wider audience. If you're looking for an introduction, try to track down *Cabretta*, Mink DeVille's first Capitol album, which boasts his best batch of songs to date including an utterly magnificent gem of a soul ballad, "Mixed Up, Shook Up Girl."

Don Snowden

Lindsey Buckingham is talking about one of his heroes. It's a cautionary tale, with many unspoken implications, and the dashing singer-songwriter, guitarist and progressive wedge for Fleetwood Mac — the most hugely successful of all hugely successful mega-buck bands of the last decade — is making his parallels very obvious.

"Anyone who knows anything about the Beach Boys," he says, lounging in a windowless, frigidly air conditioned back room of his manager's Hollywood headquarters, "knows that Brian Wilson was the group."

It may seem a smidge odd that Buckingham, dressed down in ratty pin stripe pants, battered loafers and what looks like a khaki green surgical smock, should be ruminating on a man and a band whose best work was fifteen years ago. After all, *Law and Order*, the criminally handsome musician's first solo LP, has just hit the racks, while the album's debut single "Trouble" is currently making its bulletted way up the Top 40 charts. If nothing else, the boyish, curly-headed 32-year-old should be plugging the upcoming Fleetwood Mac effort, the band's studio follow-up to its ambitious, qualified failure *Tusk* (4 million double LP's sold as opposed to 16 million for 1977's legendary *Rumours*, still the best selling album in pop history). But no, he wants to talk about the quirky, solitary and monolithic genius of Brian Wilson, and for reasons that quickly become apparent.

"It just got to a point, I think with Brian that he became so detached from the group that it was impossible to make the music he heard in his head using the capacities of the band. If he'd made the choice to break away from his brothers, to not be responsible for them, he'd be much better off today. Even if he'd had to settle into his own fairly obscure niche, he wouldn't have had to compromise. It's sort of sad."

Between the lines, of course, the point is clear. Lindsey Buckingham has reached a strikingly similar crossroads in his own career. It's not that he compares his talents to those of that formidable mastermind of the California Sound. "I'll never even get close," he asserts in an obligatory disclaimer. It's just that as a member of a globally renowned quintet, with fistfuls of fame, fortune and epoch-making music, Buckingham suddenly finds himself in search of that mercurial grail, Artistic Fulfillment.

Born and raised in the South Bay area of San Francisco, Buckingham began playing guitar at age seven, taking his cue from his older brother's rock and roll singles, most notably Buddy Holly. In the late Sixties, he joined forces with Stevie Nicks in a group called Fritz. The band plied the Northern California club circuit before relocating in L.A. and cutting *Buckingham/Nicks* as a duo. The LP was a regional hit in, of all places, Birmingham, Alabama. The pair's producer, Keith Olsen, used the album to pitch his own production talents to Mick Fleetwood of the venerable British blues band, Fleetwood Mac. Fleetwood was duly impressed with both Olsen and the album. Stevie and Lindsey became Big Macs after Bob Welch left the group.

Buckingham's dynamic rise as a songwriter and guitarist is chronicled

on Fleetwood Mac's two mythic albums, *Fleetwood Mac* and *Rumours*. His contributions in those halcyon years included tunes like "Monday Morning," "Second Hand News," "Never Going Back Again," and the awesomely commercial "Go Your Own Way." But Buckingham was considerably more than a hit-making cog in the Mac machine. The full extent of his audacious experimental prowess became fully evident on 1979's *Tusk*, about as complete a creative departure as any group could make and still be considered the same entity.

"I'm still very proud of that album," insists Buckingham. "Before it was released, everyone was really excited about what we'd done, but after it was apparent that it wasn't selling, opinions in the band changed. I got remarks like, 'you went too far this time Lindsey.' Fine. Having been made responsible for the album's failure only made me want to go further with the same ideas."

Going further in this case resulted in *Law and Order*, an LP that advances his singular musical philosophy along immensely satisfying lines. "I reject the idea that rock must be built around a bass and drums," he asserts and to prove the point he has crafted a buoyant, tuneful sound that depends as much on delicate harmonies, multi-layered guitars and intricately floated arrangements as any vintage Brian Wilson studio opus. "It's been compared to the Beach Boys," Buckingham beams, "John Lennon and Harry Nilsson. I'm flattered."

The most impressive aspect of *Law and Order*, aside from several melodies which catch and hold after a single listening, is the do-it-yourself spirit of the project. Every instrument (with the exception of the odd drum track), all vocal parts, arranging, engineering and much of the producing were handled by Buckingham himself. What could have ended up a sterile exercise in studio gimmickry is instead a surprisingly spontaneous effort.

"I could have gotten a bunch of great studio musicians together," comments Buckingham, "but then it would have sounded like another one of those albums. I get enough of that with Fleetwood Mac. They're all great musicians. But all the music ends up being driven by bass and drums, with everything else out on the edge. I always felt there were too many people involved in the creative process in the band," he continues. "It made it very

difficult at times."

Buckingham's decidedly blasé attitude about the supergroup was reflected in his recent refusal to sign the renewal contract offered the band by Warner Bros. While insisting that "the policy right now" is for the group to stay together he admits, "I'm sure Fleetwood Mac will outlive its meaning sooner or later." In fact, Buckingham came to this interview from a recording session for the next Mac LP.

"*Law and Order* was a very intimate experience," Buckingham concludes. "The only way to maintain innocence that I know of is to choose things you care about and commit yourself to them. If I had to choose between commercial success and the kind of pleasure I got from doing this album, there'd be no contest."



HOWARD ROSENBERG

Lindsey Buckingham's Beach Boy Gambit:

BE TRUE TO YOUR MUSE

BY DAVIN SEAY



The Go-Go's Endless Pajama Party

BY ERIC FLAUM

It's five o'clock on a bleak, rainy afternoon in New York City. By now, the five Go-Go's are all hungry, tired, and slightly delirious. Since early this morning, they have visited nearly every major radio station in town. As our conversation proceeds, the five band members all take turns at a phone interview going on in the next room. Their first album, *Beauty and the Beat* on I.R.S. Records, is headed for Top Twenty, and "Our Lips Are Sealed" has pushed its way into almost everyone's Top Forty singles list. They are being featured in every magazine possible, from the new-wave oriented *New York Rocker* and *Rolling Stone* to the shallow, trendy *People*.

Guitarist Jane Wiedlin is limping from a slowly healing broken foot, and lead singer Belinda Carlisle pumps down vitamins in hope of fighting off her cold. Belinda will stay at the hotel tonight, resting, while the rest of the band goes out on the town, anxious to see the Professionals, a new band that includes two former members of the infamous Sex Pistols. A European tour is just a few days off for the Go-Go's, and all of this is just killing time before they leave. Midway through the interview Belinda and drummer Gina Schock apologize for their behavior, as well as their answers, which are short and mechanical. The girls understand my predicament, and try to think of wonderful quotes that they know will pacify me, sending me on my way, and allowing them to leave for a long-awaited Japanese dinner.

Gina Schock had played the drums for nine years before joining the Go-Go's in June of 1979. She began her career in her home town of Baltimore, where one band she belonged to included singer-cum-actress Edie Massey, who went on to star in John Waters' cult-classic, *Pink Flamingos*. Disenchanted with the New York scene, Gina loaded up her father's pick-up and headed west.

At this time the Go-Go's were regulars on the Los Angeles bar circuit. They covered their faces with punk-fantasy make-up and lost themselves in the plethora of semi-skilled hard-rocking bands. Along came Ginger Canzoneri, a graphic artist with CBS, who brought a cleaner, fresher image to the group, and became their manager. They switched to a simpler appearance, avoiding the showy trappings that were so prevalent at the time. As Belinda put it, "We got tired of having our crazy colors rubbing off on our pillows."

Like all success stories, the Go-Go's had their lucky break, and it came in the form of the British ska band Madness. The two groups played together at the famous Whiskey a Go Go (No, that's not the source of their name). According to the story they told me, it was Jane who'd come up with the

name, preferring it to "The Misfits" since the Kinks had recently released a similarly titled album) and Madness went raving back to their label, Stiff Records. The Go-Go's were signed to a one-shot contract to record a single, and invited to join their benefactors on an English tour. But the Go-Go's were required to pay their own way, which necessitated selling almost everything they owned.

With original bassist Margot Olaverra, the Go-Go's were teamed with producer Paul Wexler to record "We Got the Beat" b/w "How Much More" (both of these songs would reappear on the band's I.R.S. album, in updated versions). The single was released within a week, in what Gina Schock describes as the "One thing that Stiff did that was great." The single sold moderately well in England, and as many as 50,000 import copies in the United States, but the tour itself wasn't an entire success. After a stint as opening act for Madness, the band played several dates on their own, and finished up their stay by playing with another reggae-influenced act, the Specials. The Go-Go's returned home, while "We Got the Beat" remained on *Billboard's* Top 100 Disco chart for nearly six months. Yet still they were relatively unknown in this country.

New Year's Eve, 1980, as the band hovered in a directionless limbo, Texan Kathy Valentine replaced Olaverra. Valentine had spent time with an obscure L.A. band, the Textones; she was originally a temporary replacement, but was eventually invited on as a permanent member. The quintet was set, and eventually signed up with I.R.S. records, a small independent label affiliated with A&M Records that would later release a live version of "We Got the Beat" on a two-record sampler title *Urgh!*, which also featured XTC and the Police, among others.

When it came time to record their first album, the band was paired up with producers Rob Freeman and Richard Gottehrer. As co-author of the Fifties classic "My Boyfriend's Back," and producer of Blondie's first two albums, Gottehrer brought needed experience to the Go-Go's music. However, even with Gottehrer, *Beauty and the Beat* is in no way an album by a "girl group," with males running the show. The Go-Go's insist that they never really thought of themselves as such a group, and simply played what "felt right." "It was just a natural progression for us," Gina tells me, which sets the other four members to agreeing simultaneously. "There's harmony singing and stuff like that," Belinda says, "but we're the ones who are playing all the instruments." She goes on to point out that *Beauty and the Beat* is the most successful album ever by

an all-female band. "The Supremes and all those other girl groups had men playing the music and writing their songs, but we write all our own stuff."

One listen to the Go-Go's first album and it's easy to understand how they've gotten this far. "Our Lips Are Sealed," the first hit from this album, is a wonderfully catchy look at the petty jealousies and far-fetched rumors concerning what Jane Wiedlin calls the "in crowd." Like the other band members, Jane still seems to be thrilled to be a member of this "in crowd." We talk about the time the Go-Go's opened a show for the Rolling Stones, and all at once the room is filled with screams and giggles. Kathy tries to tell me about drinking with "Mick and Woody," while Charlotte and Gina are saying something about the pictures they'd taken with "those guys." I'm now in a room with five rock and roll fans, not fully aware of their own burgeoning status as stars in their own right.

Charlotte Caffey, the group's oldest member, who has been described as the band's "de facto den mother," had a hand in writing most of this album's

(Continued on page 18)

Charlotte Caffey

Kathy Valentine

Gina Schock

Jane Wiedlin

Belinda Carlisle

Steve Martin's Curvature of the Brain:

A RELAPOSE

After serious bouts with self doubt last year, Martin is back with an unusual musical, a weirdly titled detective flick, a comedy/banjo record, and lots of TV . . .

BY STEVEN X. REA

Steve Martin sits benignly at a small, round table in a small, sunlit restaurant in West Hollywood. He's got a plate of scrambled eggs and salmon and garden snow peas in front of him. He's wearing a nubby, off-white custom tailored suit, a white shirt and a thin black tie. And he's being very serious: talking in quiet, intensely earnest tones about his first-ever dramatic role, in filmmaker Herbert Ross's \$20 million Depression-era musical, *Pennies from Heaven*.

Abruptly, Martin looks up, his slate blue eyes following a gray-haired man as he heads across the restaurant towards the men's room. "Look at that guy," Martin guffaws, "he's got his napkin tucked in his pants." And so he does: an otherwise distinguished looking professional type, in sharp Giorgio Armani garb, making for the john with a big white linen napkin flapping from his waist like a French maid's apron.

Steve Martin gets a big kick out of this. He smiles, mumbles quizzically and then gets back to the matter at hand. The matter at hand being himself — Steve Martin, standup comic, Steve Martin, serious actor, Steve Martin, celebrity, Steve Martin, banjo plucker — and the veritable swarm of films, TV shows, records and other junk (like a Christmas calendar) that the California-born-and-bred star has in the works. "Yes," he soliloquizes, "I've got a lot of oddball stuff coming out. I'll be curious to see how they go over."

Certainly the most oddball of Martin's current endeavors is *Pennies from Heaven*, a dark, grim picture set against the squalor, paranoia and despair of America in the Thirties. The gritty, real life narrative is intercut with elaborate musical production numbers wherein Martin tap dances, performs rope tricks and lip-syncs to the songs of Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Connie Boswell (yes, Martin as one of the Boswell Sisters) and other popular stars from the halcyon days of Busby Berkeley and Arthur Freed.

"The important thing for the audience to know about *Pennies from Heaven* is that it's not a comedy," Martin says. "It's probably the first dramatic musical film I've heard of. Musicals are generally lighthearted romps, and this is definitely not a lighthearted romp."

"I play a songsheet salesman. He's really a victim of circumstance and his life gets worse and worse through no fault of his own — though he's not the nicest guy in the world. But as his life gets more miserable, he takes more refuge in these songs. He has these momentary fantasies that he can sing and dance like the great recording artists of the time. And then when the number's over it's as though nothing had happened — he'll be back in the middle of a very dramatic, heavy scene. There's murder in this thing, there's sex, there's violence, there's injustice."

Martin stars in the film along with his longtime girlfriend Bernadette Peters (she plays a hooker), Academy Award-winner Christopher Walken (he plays her oily-haired pimp) and actress Jessica Harper (Martin's woebegone wife). *Pennies from Heaven* was shot by cinematographer Gordon Willis (*The Godfather*, *Annie Hall*) and designed by Ken Adam (*Barry Lyndon*, *Sleuth*). Herbert Ross, whose previous credits include *Play It Again, Sam* and *The Turning Point*, calls his latest picture "the most adventurous thing I've done." Says Martin, modestly: "This is the big time."

For his part, Martin devoted himself to the project with relentless determination and diligence. He studied and rehearsed for four months, beginning in September 1980, and then continued to practice throughout the 22-week shooting schedule. "I learned to tap dance," reports Martin, deadpan. "It was great — especially when you're 35. It's like getting in the ring with Muhammad Ali."

"Tap is therapeutic in the sense of it being physical exercise. The rhythms get very complex, syncopated. It takes a lot of stamina. It's interesting to watch your body grow, your legs start to get muscular." Martin laughs: "Then it's fun to watch it all disappear when the movie's over. Your legs wither and you lose your stamina and you can't breathe anymore." Whether *Pennies from Heaven* will win

at the box office remains to be seen. Martin is the first to admit that fans looking for *The Jerk, Part II* are in for a big disappointment. And more serious, older filmgoers may be put off by the fact that the film does star Martin, whose penchant for Jerry Lewis-style slapstick and absurdist self-parody occasionally makes for some pretty sophomore comedy. But while Martin is concerned about the film finding its audience, his involvement in the project has clearly been a liberating experience.

"It was great just to be a flunkie for once, to be told what to do, where to stand. To not have all that responsibility. When we do our comedy film, I'm thinking of performance, I'm thinking maybe there's a better joke here, a better scene here. But this script was so sacred that we didn't change any dialogue and I could just concentrate on performing."

Indeed, the screenplay, by Englishman Dennis Potter (based on his original BBC teleplay), came along at just the right time. "Herbert Ross said that it was kismet," explains Martin. "He said that 'some point in your life this script and you were destined to meet.'"

What *Pennies from Heaven* did was extricate Martin from a deep psychological funk. By 1980, the comedian had grown weary of his own standup shtick. He was tired of the fans mimicking his wild and crazy routines, chanting "Ex-cuse me!" like it was some mesmeric, holy phrase. ("I don't want to talk to those people," he says.) He may have been rich and famous, but Steve Martin was one unhappy guy.

"Last year, I said to myself, 'OK, I've done this, I've toured around, I've done my act and made a movie and blah blah blah. What am I going to do next?' That's when I was really feeling blue. I needed a change. I was going crazy. I'd do interviews and I got to the point where I just couldn't talk about myself anymore. I hated it. I found myself so dull that I just got depressed. I didn't know what to do. And then *Pennies from Heaven* came along and it was perfect. It's the perfect dramatic role for me because it has this quirky element in it."

Pennies from Heaven struck a creative wellspring for Martin. Since its completion he's been collaborating with fellow comic Martin Mull, developing a TV sitcom; he's the executive producer for *Twilight Theater*, a late night 90-minute show hosted by L.A. wacko Paul Reubens that goes on the air next month; and he went back to work with Carl Reiner, who directed him in *The Jerk*, co-writing a Forties-style detective sendup called *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid*. The pair finished shooting the comedy in early October. It's in black and white and features Martin's hardboiled gumshoe character interacting with the likes of Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, James Cagney and Alan Ladd via original Forties film clips.

Reiner, who first met Martin when he was a 21-year-old staff writer for *The Smothers Brothers Show* (where he worked with Reiner's son Rob), was struck by the change and growth in Martin's acting. "His development was quite marked," notes Reiner from his studio office in Culver City. "His experience with *Pennies from Heaven* has really heightened his talents. When we first started shooting, Steve was worried that he wouldn't be zany-funny the way he can be. Then very soon after we began, he became aware that the straighter he played it, the funnier he got."

Another undertaking that Steve Martin's keen to talk about is a new album, *The Steve Martin Brothers*, a one-side-comedy/one-side-banjo-music affair. It's a fitting statement about the schizophrenic world of Steve Martin: There's the oozy, Las Vegas standup man, as sincere as a used car salesman, doing his jerko impressions of a would-be hip Casanova ("Love God"), reciting his paean to American patriotism, "What I Believe" ("I believe that sex is one of the most beautiful, wholesome and natural things that money can buy") and generally acting vulgar and crass; and then there's Steve Martin in his hippie love beads and peace sign, eliciting a





Scenes from Pennies from Heaven:
Steve Martin & Bernadette Peters
play Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers
(below left); luscious Peters in a
dream sequence (center); the two
stars in love and in silhouette
(above); and Martin himself, hair
dark, in his first serious role (below).

pure, clean cascade of notes from his banjo on a deft selection of original and traditional bluegrass tunes, backed by the likes of fiddler Vassar Clements, guitarist/producer/manager Bill McEuen and flutist Brian Savage.

"A whole album of comedy is not what I'd get excited about," says the man whose three previous comedy albums have all gone gold or platinum (his second, *A Wild and Crazy Guy*, has sold some 2-1/2 million copies). "One side of comedy, that's enough. The thing about a comedy record, you play it a couple of times and that's it. Here, you get the music too, so you really get your money's worth. That's what I'm trying to do now is give people their money's worth—as opposed to last year," he chortles.

"Actually, this is an album full of disappointments, because the people who want the comedy have to listen to the banjo stuff and the people who want to hear the banjo music have to listen to a side of comedy. Then again," he muses, "it's not so weird. Just think if Earl Scruggs could do jokes. Wouldn't you like to buy an Earl Scruggs record with one side of comedy on it? I know I would."

Martin's fondness for the banjo goes back to his high school days in Orange County, and it's something that he's been able to incorporate into his act with great success. But what if he was handed down some divine ultimatum and had to make the decision to be either a banjo player or a comedian, just one or the other?

"Gosh, that's hard," he says, scratching his chin. "I think I'd rather be a comedian. Of course, if I took the banjo I'd have the luxury of touring small clubs for the rest of my life. Let's see, let me think about it: Right, I'd be in a camper, going around the country, working small clubs. If I stay a comedian I can live in Hollywood and make movies and tour all over the world and stay at the best hotels, let's see . . ."

Martin says that he doesn't have too many friends who are also comedians. He's pals with Carl Reiner, Martin Mull, with his manager Bill McEuen, his agent Marty Klein, and with some people in "the art world." He reckons that art is "my biggest outside interest. American paintings, especially." In fact, Martin has become something of a serious collector, though he doesn't like to discuss his acquisitions. "I feel like it's my private world," he says, turning quiet again. "Also, I realized that in the art world my opinion changes every day and there's no need for me to say something stupid right now that in six months I'll regret." But Martin admits that there's a sense of gratification that comes with being wealthy enough to patronize the arts. "Except that I feel like I'm just patronizing the dealers sometimes, that's the problem."

Steve Martin is capable of being radically, stupidly funny, as anyone who's seen him drive a sports car onto *The Tonight Show* set or host *Saturday Night Live* can attest. But he is not really a funny man. He can be doing some goofball gag about the Fart Zone on the other side of the ozone layer or making fun of some poor schlep in a restaurant, but there's a part of Martin's persona that's watching himself crack wise with a somber, steady eye. It's like there's a little Steve Martin inside Martin's head who's keeping a scorecard of Martin's jokes with the same deadly severity that George Steinbrenner keeps tabs on his Yankees. Says Carl Reiner: "Steve is very serious in terms of life. He's a very bright, serious man who happens to have a wonderful curvature of the brain. He's not a frivolous person at all."

Steve Martin knows he's serious. "But that doesn't mean I don't like to have a good time," he counters. He's explained it before, and the words peal off almost automatically: "I'm different than I am on stage. I couldn't be that way all the time—I wouldn't have any friends. It's funny on stage but if the guy was in your living room you'd throw him out. There's nothing more obnoxious than a guy who is *on* all the time."

And with that, Martin signals for the check. The man with the napkin in his pants has returned from the bathroom long ago, but without the napkin. Steve Martin gets a laugh out of that too.

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OUT THE OTHER

(Continued from page 7)

"unless it's a hit," and won't do any other acting for the next year. Instead she'll devote herself to getting her husband elected to the California assembly.

REMEMBER LAST MONTH when we said Allan Carr would join Tom Snyder's *Tomorrow Show*? Well, things happen fast around here; the *Tomorrow Show's* budget may be cut (the show may be cut), and Carr is jilted at the altar of video fame. Or not.

YET ANOTHER CHARLIE'S ANGEL will play a real life famous woman: Cheryl Ladd will star in a TV movie based on the life of Grace Kelly. Princess Grace objected to this and issued a communiqué in which she hoped "it will not come to pass." Ladd's production company, TAT Communications, issued its own statement: "The story of Grace Kelly is an American legend." Really? She married a fat prince, got fat herself, and has three spoiled brats. This is legend?

Lights, Camera, etc.

MEL BROOKS will next demolish Sherwood Forest when he films the classic *Robin Hood*. Marty Feldman and Spike Milligan will help skewer history again. So far *Hood* himself is not cast.

ALBERT BROOKS is working on his third film, untitled, about which he'll say little except that it's a "relationship comedy" and "not a remake." He's directing, starring and co-writing with Monica Johnson, as he did with his two previous films, *Real Life* and *Modern Romance*.

CRYSTAL RECORDS is moving into the feature film business; their first project will be *Contagious*, a horror film to be shot on the Isle of Mull, Scotland; second project is a biopic of Joe Orton called *Prick Up Your Ears*.

PETER WEIR (director of *Gallipoli*) will next tackle *A Year of Dangerous Living*, based on the last year of President Sukarno's reign in Indonesia.

NASTASSIA KINSKI, who recently posed in *Vogue* magazine covered only with a boa constrictor, will reportedly star in a film with the serpentine Rudolf Nureyev, so far untitled, about a model and a terrorist group in New York. Nastassia has already completed work on *One from the Heart*, due in February, and *Cat People*, out in the spring.

Something Different

THIS HOLIDAY SEASON, celebrate with a new kind of Christmas carol: *Hanukkah Rock* by Gefilte Joe and the Fish from everpopular Rhino Records. Plus this great extra: the disc will be pressed in the shape of a Star of David! Besides the title tune, the EP features "Walk on the Kosher Side," "Matzoh Man," and "Napper's Delight."

Next: A Series Starring Mr. Whipple & His Charmin'

THAT COCA COLA commercial with Mean Joe Greene and the kid has inspired a TV movie called *The Steeler and the Pittsburgh Kid*, to air on NBC right about now. The kid in the movie is not the same one in the commercial, since the original, Tommy Okon, is older and "wasn't the same cute kid." They hired Henry Thomas, who appeared in *Raggedy Man* and is the star of Spielberg's top secret *A Boy's Life*.

Gobos

(Continued from page 15)

songs. She has written about romances, past and present, as well as the previously mentioned "We Got the Beat." She is a cheery, occasionally flakey person, whose exuberance for music, and nearly everything else, comes through most clearly on the band's original single. Along with "How Much More," this first effort appears on the album, and both versions are greatly improved. With more experience under their belts, and an understanding production team, these songs are now sharper and livelier, heads and shoulders above the originals. On "We Got the Beat," Gina Schock's drumming is flawless. It breaks out of the lyrics with an infectious beat, whereas the Stiff single's mix is so muddled that much of Schock's power is lost.

Clearly, however, the band's greatest strength is Belinda Carlisle. Her vocals are strong, yet never strained, while her appearance is enough to hold anyone's attention. With her Fifties-like beauty mark (yes, it's real), Carlisle brings on memories of Brenda Lee. On "This Town" and "Lust to Love" Belinda's phrasing and inflections are wonderful, leading every song to an irresistible peak. At the age of 23 she is ready to take on all comers, and doesn't even consider the possibility of losing. Slowly she unfolds her goals, and from becoming a great rock and roll singer she works her way up to Queen of England. Carlisle seems convinced that nothing can stand in her way, and so far no one has proved her wrong.

"You know," I tell them, "I was told that the actor Timothy Hutton really likes your music." The room is once again filled with shouts of excitement. I feel like the only male at a pajama party. I pack up my tape deck and say goodbye. As I shut the door behind me the talking and giggling goes on, like an endless slumber party where the mother never comes downstairs to tell the girls to get some sleep.

Eric Flbaum will graduate in May from SUNY Binghamton, marry in June and look for a job in July. Right now he churns out copy for Good Times, a Long Island entertainment magazine



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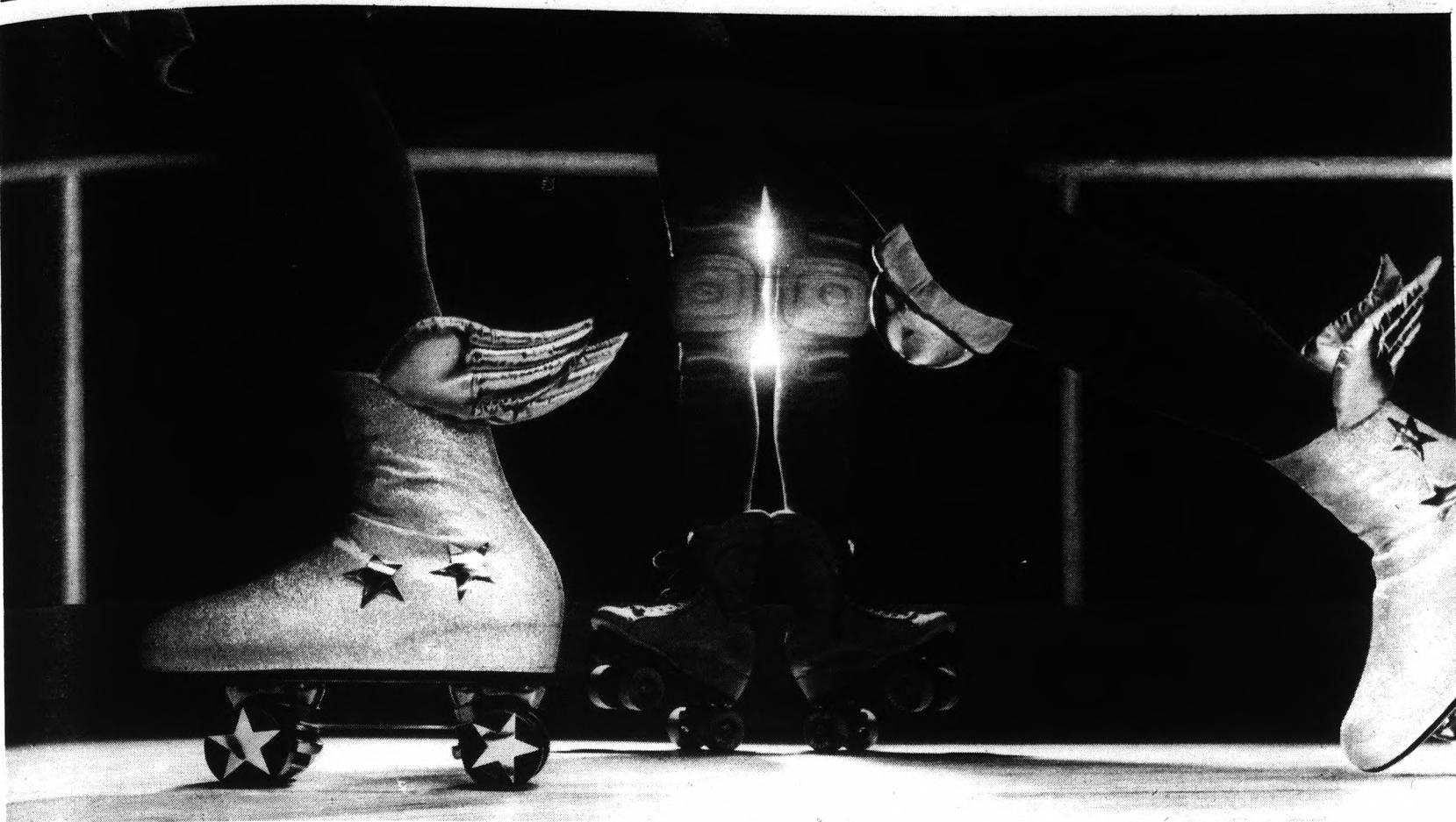
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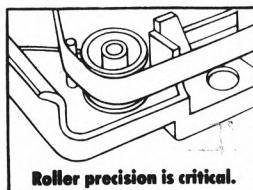


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